

PHILOMELA,
THE LADY
FITZ-VVATERS
NIGHTINGALE.

BY
ROBERT GREENE.

Vtriusque Academiae in Ar-
tibus Magist.

Sero sed serio.



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PHILOMELA

THE LADY

IN THREE ACTS

BY

grec D.

JOHN G. DUNN

NEW YORK

1880

THE LADY

scope C.4. CH.



To the Gentlemen Readers, Health.

IF the contents of Lines could at life discover the colour of the face, you should Gentlemen, see my ruddy cheekes manifest my open follies: but seeing Paper cannot blush, I will confesse my fault, and so humbly craue pardon. I promised, Gentlemen, both in my Mourning Garment, and Farewell to Follies, never to busie my selfe about any Wanton Pamphlets againe, nor to haue my braine counted so addle, as to set out any matter that were amorous: but yet am I come, contrary to vow and promise, once againe to the Presse with a labour of Love, which I hatch'd long agoe, though now brought forth to light. If the Printer had not beene, I would haue had it thrust out as an Orphant, without any name to father it: but at his earnest intreatie I was content to subscribe, though I abide your hard censures, and angry frownes for a penance. Therefore sith the Worke was writ afore my vow, and published upon duety to so honourable and beautifull a Lady: I humbly sue for fauour, and craue that you will beare with this fault, and hold me: cuerie way excused: which curtesie if you grant me, I haue more than I deserue, and as much as my desire cuery way can wish, and so farewell.

Yours, Robert Greene.



To the Gentlemen Readers Hail.

My dear friends,
I have the honor to receive
from you a letter of the
10th inst. in relation to
the subject of the
present volume.

I am very glad to hear
that you are interested
in the subject, and
that you are desirous
to know more of it.

I have no doubt that
you will find the
present volume
very interesting and
valuable.

I am, dear friends,
very respectfully,
Yours,
J. W. Alden.



TO THE RIGHT

Honorable, the Lady BRIDGET

RATLIFF, Lady Fitzwaters:

Robert Greene wisheth increase of
honour and vertue



Right beautifull and bountifull Lady, finding my selfe humbly deuoted to the Right honourable the Lord Fitzwaters your Husband, not onely that I am borne his but also for the gracious acceptance of a small Pamphlet written by another, and presented to him by me: I endeououred any way, and euery way that I might, to discouer my affectionate dutie to him by some scholler-like labours, that I began to sowe ouer the first fruits of my wits, wrapt vp as Schollers treasures be, in loose papers, that I might sift out something worthy his Honour, but finding all worthlesse of his Lordship, at last, I lighted vpon this fiction of Venetian *Phileasus*, which I had written long since, and kept charily, being penned at the request of a Countesse in this land, to approue womens chastitie: as soone as I had read it ouer, and reduced it into forme, licking it a little as the Beares doe their whelpes, to bring them to perfection: I haue resolved to make good my duty to his Lordship, in doing homage with my simple labours to your Ladyship, knowing seruice done to the Wife, is gratified in the Husband: whereupon I presume

The Epistle Dedicatory.

to present the Dedication of chaste *Philomela* to your Honour, and to christen it in your Ladiships name, calling it the Lady *Fitzwaters* Nighingale, as if I should insinuate a Comparison twixt you and him of equal and honourable vertues: Imitating herein Master *Abraham France*, who ruled the Lamentacion of *Amintas*, under the name of the Countesse *Pembrookes Lucy Church*; for herein your Ladiship had far more perfections than yeares, and more inward excellence than externe beautie, yet so beautifull, as few so faire, though none more vertuous, I thought the Legend of an honourable and chaste Lady, would be gratefull to your Honour, whose minde is wholly delighted in chaste thoughts, keeping herein a perfect decorum to appropriate the nature of the gift to the content of the person. For such as offer incense to *Venus*, burne Myrrhe mixed with Brington. Those that glory *Pallus*, giue her a shield: *Diana's* present a bow; witty Poems are fit for wise heads, and examples of honour, for such as triumph in vertue; so that seeing there hath few led more chaste than an Italian *Philomela*, I thought none more fit to patronize her Honours than your Ladiship, whose chastitie is as farre spread, as you are eyther knowne or spoken of: If then my well meaning may not be misconstrued, but my presumption pardoned, and my labours fauoured with your gracious acception, I haue what I aymed at, and what I expected, in the hope of which curtesie setting downe my rest, I humbly take my leaue.

Your Ladiships in all

dutifull service,

Robert Greene.

THE



THE LADY FITZVVATERS

Nightingale.



Here dwelled in the
Citie of Venice, nere
the Rialto, an Earle of
great excellence, both
for the descent of his
parentage, and large-
ness of his patrimony,
called Il Conte Philip-
po Medico, a Gentle-
man aerie way, not
onely by birth, (as being
by the Mothers side of
the Emilij; but aerie

way furnished with ciuill vertues, for peace, and martiall
valour for wars, as politicks at home as resolute abroad:
reuerent's of all, not for his gray hairs, for he was young,
but for his many vertues, wherein hee ouer went men of
age. This Conte Philippo had by the fauour of Fortune,
and his owne foresight, linked himselfe to a young Gen-
tlewoman in marriage, called Philomela Celij, at that
time the wonder of Venice, not for her beauty, though
Italy affoorded none so faire, nor for her dowry, though she
were

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were the onely Daughter of the Duke of Millain: but
 for the admirable honours of her minde, which were so
 many, and matchlesse, that vertue seemed to haue plan-
 ted there the paradise of her perfection: her age yet did
 not seemeene, yet appeared there such a symmetry of
 more than womanly excellence in euery action of this
 Venetian Paragon, that Italy held her life as an in-
 stance of all commendable qualities: Shee was modest
 without sillennesse, and silent, not as a scold, but because
 shee would not be counted a blab; chaff, and yet not coy,
 for the poorest of all held her courteous: though she was
 young, yet shee desired nether to gad nor to gaze, nor to
 haue her beautie made common to euery bad compani-
 ons eye: The people shee blessed for her face, was the court
 of her stony house: for shee neuer would goe abroad but
 in the company of her husband, and then with such bash-
 fulnesse, that shee seemed to hold her selfe faultie in step-
 ping beyond the shadow of her stony mansion: thus was
 Philomela famous for her exquisite vertues, and Philippo
 fortunate for enioying so vertuous a paramour. But as
 there is no antidote so precious, but being tempered with
 Antimony, is infectious: no heart so soveraigne good,
 but Art can make simply ill: So Philippo was not so
 commendable for some good parts, as afterward hee
 thought of for some vnworthy qualities. For though he
 had a wise curie way answerable to his owne wish, both
 faire to please his eye, and honest to content his humour,
 yet in seeking to quittance these vertues with loue, hee
 so ouerloured her, that hee plagued her more with iealous-
 sie, than recompensd her with affection, insomuch that
 with a deepe insight, entring into the consideration of her
 beautie, and her youth hee began to inspye, that such
 as frequented his house for traffique (for the greatest
 men in Venice used Merchandise) were rather drawne
 thither by a desire to see his wife, than for the speciall
 vse of any other his commodities. Feeding vpon this pas-
 sion that gnaweth like enuy vpon her stony selfe, he cal-
 led

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led to misde, to which of his friends she shew'd the most gracious looks, upon whom she grant the most smiling favours, whose carner she would be at the table, to whom she would drinke, and who had most courteous entertainment at her hands, these men he did most suspect and enie, as those to whom he thought his wife for those granted favours most affectionate. Yet when hee called to minde her chaste vertues, and did ruminare the particularities of his Loves toward himselfe, hee suppress the suspicious flame of jealousie, with the assured proofes of her invincible chastitie; hammering these betwixt feare and hope, hee built Castles in the ayre, and reacht beyond the Moone: one while swearing all Women were false and inconstant, and then againe protesting, if all women were so, yet not all, because Philomela was not so. In this jealous quandary hee dled to himselfe this quaint discourse: If love be a blessing, Philippo, as yet proves in the end most bitter, how blest are they that never make tryall of so lowly a sweet. A Child stung with a Bee, will flye from the Honey-combe; such as are bitten with Wipers will feare to sleepe on the grasse: but men fought with the inconvenience of fancie, hunt with Agbes to enrich themselves with that passion: what conquest have such as winne faire women? When the like victorie that Alexander had in subduing the Scythians reconciled friends, who the more they flattered him, the more he mistrusted. Beautie is like the herb Larix, cold in the water, but hote in the Romacks: Precious, while it is a blossome, but prejudiciall, grown to a fruit; a Gem not to be valued, if set in vertue, but disgrac'd with a bad soyle, like a ring of gold in a swines snout; yet what comfort is there in life, if man had no solace, but man? Women are sweet helps, and those kinde creatures that God made to perfect by mens excellence. Truth, Philippo, they be wonders of Nature, if they wrong not nature: and admirable Angels, if they would not bee devours

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with Angels to become Devils. *Ob.* flatter not thy selfe in flattering them, for where they finde submission, there they proclaime contempt: And if thou makest them thy mate, they will give thee such a checke-mate, that happily thou shalt live by the losse all thy life after: What needs this inuective humoꝝ against Women, when thou hast such a wife, as euery way is absolute, both for beautie and vertue? Let such as haue bene stung with the Scorpion, be warned: Speake thou as thou findest, and then thou wilt say, that Women are creatures, as excellent in minde, as they be singular in complexion: as farre beyond men in inward vertues, as they exceed men in exterior beauties. I grant all this: yet Philippo, the type of the Belzebuz is popson; The greener the Alexander leaues be, the moze bitter is the sappe, euery outward appearance is not an Authentickall instance: Women haue chaste eyes, when they haue wanton thoughts, and modest looks, when they harbor lasciuious wishes: the Eagle when hee soareth nearest to the Sunne, then he honers for his prey, the Salamander is most warme, when hee lyeth furthest from the fire, and then are women most heart-hollow, when they are most lippe-holy, and by these premises, Philippo argue of thy wifes precisenesse, for though shee seeme chaste, yet may shee secretly delight in change, and though her countenance bee coy to all, yet her conscience may be courteous to some one. When the Sunne shines most garish, it foreshewes a storme, when the Birds sing earlly, there is a storme before night, Womens flatteries are no moze to be trusted than an Astronomers Almanacke, that proclaime that for a most faire day, that pzooues most cloudy; and so of Philomela. And thus as the Countie Philippo was tarring with himselfe about this humour of teallousie, there came to him while he sate (for all this while hee was in an Arbour in his Garden) a familiar friend of his, called Signior Gionanni Lucio, so puate into the

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The Earle in all his secret affaires, that hee concealed
 nothing from him which came within the compasse of
 his thoughts: This Signior Giouanni seeing the Count-
 esse in a private study, awakened him out of his muse with
 a merry greeting, and bade a penny for his thought: the
 Earle seeing his second selfe, his onely repository of his
 private passions, entertained him very courteously, and
 after some familiar speeches used betwixt them, Giouan-
 ni began to question what the cause was of that melan-
 choly dumps that he found him in: the Earle fetching a
 great sigh, taking Lucio by the hand, setting him downe
 by him, began to rehearse from point to point what a
 zealous suspicion hee had of his wifes beauty, and that
 for all the shew of her honesty, hee somewhat doubted of
 her chastitie. Giouanni, who with a reuerent loue saue-
 red the Countesse, began somewhat sharply to reprove
 the Earle, that he should admit of so foolish a passion, as
 zealousie, and misconsider of her whose vertuous life was
 so famous through all Venice. As suspicious heads want
 not sophistrie to supply their mistrust, so Philippo at that
 time was not barren of arguments, to prove the subtil-
 tie of Women, their inconstancie, how they were faced
 like Ianus, having one side of sorrowes, the other of
 smiles, swearing, hee should neuer be merry at his heart,
 till he had made an assured proofe of her chastitie, and with
 that hee broke with Signior Giouanni Lucio, that hee
 should be the man to make experience of her honesty, al-
 though the Gentleman was verie unwilling to take
 such a task in hand, doubting, lest in dallying with the
 flame, he might burne his finger, and so intire his friend;
 yet at the importunate intreatie of Philippo, hee promi-
 sed to undertake the matter, and by all means possible
 to assault the invincible Foxt of her chastitie, protesting,
 that hee found her pleasant to listen to his passions, hee
 would make it manifest to him without dissembling.
 Philippo glad of this, to grant Giouanni opportunitie to

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court his wife, would be more often absent, and that he might oblige her the sooner to listen unto his suite, he used not that wanted love and familiarity that hee was accustomed to doe, but quitted all her dutyfull favours with discontent and disdainfull frownes, so that poore Philomela, who knew nothing of his compacted treachery, beganne to wonder what had altered her Husbands wonted humour, and like a good Wife shee began to examine her owne conscience, wherein shee had giuen him any occasion of offence, finding her selfe guiltlesse (but losse his owne conceit decained him) she imagined that her Husband affected some other Lady more than her selfe; which imagination she concealed with patience, and resolved not by revealing it, to retrieve him from his new entertayned fancie, but with obedience, love and silence to reconer her Philipppo to favour none but his Philomela.

Whils thus her minde a little suspicious began to wander, Lutesio began to lay his Baites to betray this silly Innocent. Now you must imagine, he was a young Gentleman of a good house, of no meane wealth, nor any way made infortunate by nature, so; hee was counted the most fine and courtly Gentleman in all Venice. This Lutesio therefore seeking fit opportunities to finde Madam Philomela in a merry beyn (for time is called that Capillata Ministra, that favours Lovers in their fortunes) watched so narrowly, that hee found the Countesse sitting alone in her Garden, playing vpon a Lute many pretty Roundelays, Bozginets, Madrigals, and such pleasant Lessons, all as it were, amorous Love bowed in honour of Venus, singing to her Lute many pretty and merry Ditties, some of her owne composing, and some written by some witty Gentlemen of Venice, thinking now time had smiled vpon him, by putting her in such an humorous beyn. At last he heard her warble out this pleasant Verse.

Philomela's

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Philomela's Ode that she sung in her
Arbour.

Sitting by a Riners side,
Where a silent streame did glide,
Muse I did of many things,
That the minde in quiet brings.
I can thinke how some men deeme
Gold their god, and some esteeme
Honour is the chiefe content,
That to man in life is lent.
And some others doe contend,
Quiet none like to a friend.
Others hold, there is no wealth
Compared to a perfect health.
Some mans mind in quiet stands,
When he is Lord of many lands.
But I did sigh, and said all this.
Was but a shade of perfect blis.
And in my thoughts I did approue,
Nought so sweet as is true loue,
Loue twixt Louers passeth these,
When mouth kisseth and heart greees,
With folded armes and lippes meeting,
Each soule another sweetly greeting.
For by the breath the soule fleeteth,
And soule with soule in kissing meeteth
If Loue be so sweet a thing,
That such happy blisse doth bring,
Happy is lones fogred thrall,
But vnhappy Maydens all,
Who esteeme your Virgins blisses,
Sweeter than a Winesweet kisses.
No such quiet to the mind,

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As true loue with kisses kind.
But if a kisse proue vnchast,
Then is true loue quite disgrast.
Though loue be sweet, learne this of me
No loue sweet but honestie.

As soone as Philomela had ended her Ode, Signior Lutesio stept to her, and balke mard her melody with this dulokt sozmation: I am glad Spadain, to find you so full of glé, Whomons mindes set on mirth, shewes their thoughts are at quiet, when Birds sing carely there hath beene a sweet delo; so your moynings Anthems shewes your nights content, the subiect of your Song, and the censure of my thoughts argue vpon conclusion: For likely it is, you haue found kissing sweet, that so highly commend it; but as the old Proverbe is, such laugh as winne, and such as Venus fauours, may assaied her incense: Loue is pfectious to such as possesse their loue; but there is no Well, if loue be not well to such as dare not expresse their p-ctions. Philomela seeing Lutesio tooke her napping in singing so merry an Ode, Helmed in the blush of her cheekes, the bashfulness of her thoughts, yet knowing hee was her Husbonds familiar, she cared the lesse, and smiling, made him this pleasant Answer: Signior Lutesio, as I relisht a wanton Song at random, so I little looke your eares should haue beene troubled with my Musicke, but since you are a hearer of my hoarse Tittie, take it as you finde it, and confirme of it as you please, I know mine owne meaning best. In that I commend kissing, it argues mee the moze kinde, and my Husband the moze louing, in that I finde lippe-loue so sweet; Women may be wantons with their husbands, yet not immodest: And wines are allowed to sport, so their dallying bee not dishonest; yet had I knowne you had beene so nise, I would haue beene moze silent, and at this wozd she blush againe, discovering by her looks, te
griued

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grioued her, my man (though neuer so familiar) should
 heare her so extraordinary pleasant : But to finde this in
 Signior Lutesios fingers, because he glaued at disdaine
 in loue, she followed her reply thus. Yet since, Sir, what
 is past, cannot be recalled, I will overslippe the conceits of
 mine owne folly, and be so bold as to haue you under con-
 fession. What is the reason, Lutesio, you directly dis-
 cant of the fruition of loue? hath that diuine passion crept
 into your bzaines ? Giouanni hearing her harpe on that
 string, strained it a pin higher thus. Diuine passion call
 you it Adam, may rather a sury fetcht from Hell, a man-
 ners bzued in the bosome of Tesciphon, an vntroubled de-
 fire, a restless agony, a continuall anguish, thus doe I
 haue loue, because my life is at an end by the twonga
 of loue: Such as are poisoned with Mugwozt, count it fa-
 tal, yet such as haue the plurisse dzinks it in potions: the
 Mercuriall Pott was very much commended of Vlysses,
 though condemned of Circes: Pens Poems follovs their
 passions, and they conclude as they are contented: Then
 Adams, if all the World say, loue is a Heauen ; yet
 must I say, desire is an Hell : not that the beauntious
 Daint, whom mine eye doth worshipspe, and my heart
 doth honour, hath quitted my affection with disdain:
 but that in not daring discouer my passions, I am put
 to a triple tormenting Penance. At this he fetcht such
 a sayned sigh, that simple meaning Philomela imagi-
 ned the Gentleman was full of sorrow, and therefore
 beganne to comfort him thus. Why Signior Lutesio,
 haue you soared so high, that you doubt the scorching of
 your feathers ? Haue your desires taken flight so farre
 aboue your degree, that you feare a fall ? Is the Lady
 whom you loue so great of birth, that you dare not
 bee your owne breaker ? Loue, Lutesio, if honest, is
 lawfull, and may reape disdaine, but not disgrace. De-
 fire is the Daughter of desire, and the sympathie of
 affections is sepoainted by the starres : Womens eyes
 are

are not tyed to high personages, but to exquisite perfe-
ctions: and the greater oft times they bee in degrasse, the
lower they growe in loue: as she then, Lutesio, the state-
liest, the richest, the fairest, in all Italy, fears not to court
her: so happily she may grant, and see at the worst can
but say no. When I entred into thy wanted humours,
how honestly wanton thou hast bene amongst women of
high account: when I thinke of thy wealth; of thy her-
ties, of thy parentage, of thy person: (I flatter not Lu-
tesio, for in my opinion a frumpe amongst friends is
petty treason in effect:) I cannot but wonder what she is
that Lutesio dares not tell her loue, if without offence I
may craue it, tell me her name, that I may censure of her
qualities. Lutesio with a face full of discontent, made
her this answer: Spawne, as I dare not discourse my
loue, so I will not discover her name, I regard her ho-
nour as my life, and therefore onely suffice it; I am as
farre unworthy of her, as she is beyond my reach to com-
passe. Philomela, who straight found the knot in the
rush, began to imagine that it was some married Wile
that Lutesio aimed at: and therefore charged him by the
loue that he bare to Philippo Medico, that hee would tell
her whether it was a Wile or a Mayde that he thus ear-
nestly affected. Lutesio wisely told her, that shee was
not onely a Wile, but Mayde to one, whom shee almost as
tenderly loued, as he did the Carle her Husband: A Ra-
by of honour and vertue, yet a Woman, and therefore he
hoped might be won, if his heart would serue him to bee
a lover. Philomela hearing this, began to finde a knot in
the rush, and began to darme it was some familiar of his
that hee was affected to: And therefore with a gentle
frowne, as if shee loued him, and yet misdikt of his fond-
ness in fancie, taking him by the hand, she began thus to
schule him.

Lutesio, now I see, the strongest Oaks hath his sappe,
and his Wormes: that Ravens will breed in the fairest

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Altho, and that the musket Angelica beares a Doto, that
 thing like pearle, being tasted, is most prejudiciall; that
 the holiest men in thew are oft the holiest men in sub-
 stance, and where there is the greatest flourish of vertue,
 there in time appeareth the greatest blemish of wantie.
 I speake this by all, but apply it to them, who saving
 every way absolute, will pzoze every way discolate.
 Hath not Venice helde thee moze famous for thy god
 parts than for thy parentage? And yet well bozne; and
 valued the moze for lining well, than wealthily, and yet
 thy Patrimony is not small. Oh Lucio,arken not
 these honours with dishonestie; noz for the swiftness and fa-
 ding passion of lust, reach not an everlasting permanence
 of infamie. As I mislike of thy choyce, so I can but won-
 der at thy change, to see thee altered in manners, that wert
 erst so modest: Who was esteemed amongst Ladies for
 his civill conceits as Lucio? Thou wert wished for
 amongst the chasteest for thy choyce qualities, amongst
 youth for thy wit, amongst age for thy honest behaviour,
 desired of all, because offensive to none: And now if thou
 prosecute this bad purpose, intend this base love, to vio-
 late the honour of a Venetian Lady, looke to bee hated of
 all that are vertuous, because thou art growne so sodain-
 ly vicious, and to be banished out of the Companie of all
 that are honest, because thou seekest to make one disho-
 nest; When as thou lovest thy fame, leave off this love,
 and as thou valuest thine honour, so deyle the appetite of
 thy dishonest thoughts. Besides, Lucio, enter into
 the consideration of the fault, and by that, measure what
 will be the sequell of thy folly: When attempted to dis-
 honour a Wife, nay, the wife of thy friend: In doing this,
 thou shalt lose a sweet Companion, and purchase thy
 selfe a fatal enemy; thou shalt displease God, and grow
 odious to men; hazard the hope of thy grace, and assure
 thy selfe of the reward of sinne. Reiterie, Lucio, is
 commended in none, condemned in all, and punished

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in the end ofther with this worlds infamie, as heauens
 anger: It is a desire without regard of honestie, and a
 gaine with greater reward of misery: a pleasure bought
 with paine, a delight hatched with disquiet, a content
 possessed with feare, and a sinne finished with sorrow.
 Barbarous Passions punish it with Death: make Atheists in Religion, anoyde it by insinuat of Satyre; such
 as glazie God with no honour, comet to glorifie them-
 selves with honesty: wilt thou that art a Christian then
 crucifie Christ anew, by making the harbour of thy soule
 the habitation of Satan? O Lucio, as thou blisset at
 my words, so banish thy bad thoughts, and being crea-
 ted by God, seeke not to despise thy Creator: in abusing
 his creatures: A Womans honestie is her honour, and
 her honour the chiefest essence of her life: When in se-
 king to blemish her vertues with lack, thou aydest at no
 lesse disgrace than her death: And yet Lucio, this is
 not all: For in winning her loue thou loest a friend,
 than which, there is nothing moze precious, as there is
 nothing moze rare: as Corruptio vnus est generatio
 alterius: So the losse of a friend, is the purchase of an
 enemy, and such a mortall foe, as will apply all his wits
 to thy wacke, intende all his thoughts to thy ruine, and
 passe away his dayes, cares, and nights slumbers, in
 dreaming of thy destruction. For if brute beasts will
 reuenge such brutish wrongs as Adulterie, then imagine
 no span to bee so patient, that will overbasse so grosse
 an iniurie: assure thy selfe of this, Lucio, if her hus-
 band heare of your loues, he will ayne at your liues; hee
 will leaue no affection vntempered, no poison vnsearcht,
 no minerall vntryed, no Aconiton vnbused, no herb, tree,
 roote, stone, simple or secret vnought, till reuenge hath
 satisfied the burning thirst of his hate: So wilt thou
 feare with whom to drink, with whom to seruise, where
 to walke, how to perforce thy waires, onely for doubt
 of her reuenging Husband, and thy possessed enemy. If
 such

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such dulaefull lust, such vnhinde desires, such vnbaffe
 loue procure so great losse, and so many perils. reuert it
 Lucio, as a passion most pernicious, as a sinne most o-
 bious, and a gaine full of most deadly secretwee. Though
 this be much Lucio, yet this is not all: for many loue
 that are neuer liked, and euery one that loues is not a
 winner: Diners desire with hope, and yet their wishes
 are to small effect: suppose the Ladie whom thou lovest
 is honest, then is thy loue as vnlkely as Ixions was to
 Iuno; who sying at the substance, was made a scule
 with a thadew. I tell thee, it is moze easie to cut a Dia-
 mond with a Glasse, to pierce Steele with a feather, to tye
 an Elephant with a threed of Silke, than to alienate an
 honest Womans loue from her Husband; their hearts be
 harbours of one loue, Closets of one contents, Celles,
 wherein no amorous Idea but one can enter, as hard
 to be pearst with new sangled affection, as the Adamant
 to be made soft with fire. A Lady, Lucio, that rege-
 redh her honour, will die with Lucrece, befoze she agree
 to lust, she will eate coales with Portia, befoze she pzoze
 vnbaffe, she will thinke euery misery short, euery mis-
 hap content, befoze shee condescend to the allurements
 of any wanton Recher. Imagine then her whom thou
 lovest to be such a one, then will it qualifie thy hope, cole
 thy desires, and quench those vnbysolde thoughts that
 leade thee on to such folyes: so; if she be a wanton, what
 doest thou wotune her that many hath woyn, and moze
 than thy selfe may banquish? A light but wile and a lewd
 minion, that after she hath yeilded the flawer of her loue,
 Helena will marry with Menelaus, and then runne a-
 way with Paris. Amozous to euery one, because she is
 humourous to all: When Lucio, seeing if thou likest an
 honest Lady, thy loue is past hope; and if thou woorest a
 wanton, thou shalt gaine but what others haue lost; leane
 both, and become as blitherto thou hast beene, an honest
 Gentleman in all mens opinions, so shalt thou lino well
 thought

PHILOMELA.

thought of, and did honourably: and with that, smiling,
 shee asked him, if shee had not played the Orator well.
 But Lucio wondering at her vertues, made no answer
 hee was so amazed: but rested silent; which Philomela
 perceiving, to waken him out of his dumps, shee took
 againe her Lute in her hand, and began to sing this fol-
 lowing Ode.

Philomela's second Ode.

IT was frosty Winter season;
 And faire Floras wealth was season;
 Meades that carst with Greene were spread,
 With choyce flowers diaped,
 Had tawny vallyes: Cold had scattered,
 What the Springs and Nature planted:
 Leauelss boughes there might you see,
 All except faire Daphnes tree,
 On their twigs no Birds perched,
 Warmer couerts none they searched;
 And by Natures secret reason,
 Framed their voyces to the season:
 With their feeble tones bewraying,
 How they grieved the Springs decaying:
 Frosty Winter thus had gloomed
 Each faire thing that Summer bloomed,
 Fields were bare, and trees vnclad,
 Flowers withered; Birds were had,
 When I saw a shepherd fold,
 Sheepe in Coate to shunne the cold:
 Himselfe sitting on the grasse,
 That with frost withered was:
 Sighing deeply, thus gan say,
 Loue is folly when allray:
 Like to loue no passion such,

For his madnesse, if too much:
 If too little, then despaire;
 If too high, he beats the ayre;
 With bootlesse cries, if too low,
 An Eagle matcheth with a Crow.
 Thence growes iarrs, thus I finde,
 Loue is folly, if vnkinde:
 Yet doe men most desire
 To be heared with this fire:
 Whose flame is so pleasing hot,
 That they burne, yet feelee it not:
 Yet hath loue another kinde,
 Worse than these vnto the minde:
 That is, when a wantons eye
 Leades desire cleane awry,
 And with the Bee doth reioyce,
 Euery minute to change choyce,
 Counting he were then in blisse,
 If that each faire fall were his:
 Highly thus in loue disgrast,
 When the louer is vnchast:
 And would taste of fruit forbidden,
 Cause the scape is easily hidden.
 Though such loue be sweet in brewing,
 Bitter is the end ensuing,
 For the humour of loue he shameth,
 And himselfe with lust defameth;
 For a minutes pleasure gayning,
 Fame and honour euer slaying.
 Gazing thus so farre awry,
 Lost the chip falls in his eye,
 Then it burnes that earst but heat him,
 And his owne red gins to beat him;
 His choycest sweets turne to gall,
 He finds lust his sins thrall:
 That wanton women in their eyes,
 Mens

PHILOMELA

Mens deceiuing doe comprife:
 That homage done to faire faces;
 Doth dishonour other graces:
 If lawlesse love be such a sinne,
 Curst is he that liues therein:
 For the gaine of Venus game,
 Is the downefall vnto shame:
 Here he paus'd and did stay,
 Sigh'd and rose, and went away.

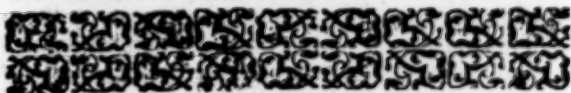
As soone as Philomela had ended her Ode, shee sat-
 led on Lutesio, and sayd; Hoping then that this private
 conference shall be a conclusion of your passions, and a
 small resolution to reuerse your thoughts from this dis-
 ordinate folly of loue: I will at this time cease to speake
 any more, because I hope you will rest from your moti-
 on: and so taking him by the hand, shee led him into the
 Parlour, where, amongst other company, they pass away
 the day in pleasant chat, till that Lutesio found conueni-
 ent opportunitie to discouer to Philipppo the resolution of
 his wife, who thought euery minute a moneth till he had
 heard what answer shee had made to Lutesio. At last they
 went both together, walking into a Garden that adioy-
 ned to the house of Philipppo: And there Lutesio, who re-
 vealed from point to point what hee had mentioned a fa-
 off to Philomela, and how honourably and honestly shee
 replied, rehearsing, what a cooling Carde of good counsell
 shee gaue him able to haue quelled the hottest stomacke,
 as quenched the most eager flame that fancie could fire
 the minde of man withall: entring into a large and high
 commendation of the Chastitie, Wisedome, and generall
 vertues of Philomela, auerring, that hee thought there
 was not a Woman of more absolute qualities, nor hono-
 rable disposition in all Italy. Philipppo, the more hee drunk,
 the more hee thirsted, and the more hee was perswaded to
 trust in her honesty, the more hee was suspicious, and
 doubted

PHILOMELA.

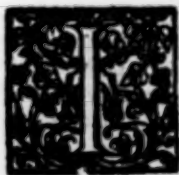
doubled of her vertue: so; hee replied still in his tedious
humour, that Womens wordes were no Warrants of
their truth, that as the Daye is inwardly most cold, when
it is outwardly most hot: so Womens wordes are like the
cryes of Lapwings, farthest from their thoughts, as they
are from their necks: they proclaime silence with their
Tongues, modestie with their Eyes, chastitie with their
actions, when in their hearts they are plotting, how to
grant an amorous pleasure to their louers. Thus, sayes
Philippo, Womens tongues are tipt with deceit. They
can sing with the Nightingale, though they haue a pike
at their backs: They can lend him a cherry-lippe, whom
they hartily loath, and saten vpon their husbands necks,
when they giue their louers a winke: Though my Wife
hath made a faire shew of vertue, it is no Authentickall
proue of her honestie, eyther she mistrusted, or misdoub-
ted of your sorceries, or else she would seeme hard in the
winning, that her chastitie might bee holden the more
chary: so; be she neuer so wanton, she will seeme modest
and the most common Cartezan will to a Prince seeme
the most coy Patron; They haue their countenance at
command, their wordes at will, their Duties at pleasure,
and all to shew their scapes with the masks of vertue.
Rodope seemed coy to Psanneticus, else had a Cartezan
neuer conquered a King: Hermia chaste to Aristocle,
else had shee not bewitcht a Philosopher: Platoes over-
worne Crull true to him, else had she not bene mistress
of his thoughts. I tell thee Lucio, they haue more wiles
than the Swan hath beames, to betray the simple meaning
of besotted louers. Therefore though shee uttered a Le-
gend of good Lessons, belies her not. Though the Vire
take squat shee is not lost at the first default; Apply thy
wits, try her by letters, write passionately, and heare her
answere, and assure thy selfe, if thou cunningly call forth
the lure, she will soon be reclaimed to thy side: Thus un-
fortunate was Philippo vpon his friend Lucio, that at

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the last, he crimed licence to depart so; a while, leaving Philippo meditating of his melancholy, while he went into his Chamber, where taking pen and paper he wrote Philomela this cunning Letter.



Lutesio to the fairest *Philomela*, witheth
that he wants himselfe,



L is no wonder, *Philomela*, if mens mindes be subiect to loue, when their eyes are the instruments of desire, no; is any blame-worthy so; affecting, when as the sight of man is a sense that dictating suerts thing must of force allow of something: I speake not, sweet Lady, philosophically as a Scholler, but passionately as a Louer, whose eyes haue beens so leniſh in ouer high lookes, that eyther they must haue their longing, or else I die through their ouer-liking: For as too sweete perfumes make the sense to surfet, and the most bright colours soonest blemish the sight; So I in gazing on the choyce perfections of beaultie, haue dazeled mine eyes, and fired my heart with desire, that none but the fruition of that blessed Object, can save mee from being lones cursed Object. Now Madame, the rare Idea that thus through the applaude of mine eye hath bewitched my heart, is the beauteous Image of your sweet selfe. Pardon mee, if I presume, when the extremitie of loue prickes mee so;ward. Faults that grow by affection, ought to bee forgivenen, because they come of constraint; then Madame, reade with sanone and censure with mercie,

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els, for so long I dallied with the flie about the Can-
dle, that I beganne to feele one much heate would breake
my harme; I haue played so long with the Spynew at the
bayte, that I am stricken with the Woke: I haue distor-
ed your beautie with such delight, and considered of your
vertues with such desire, that in your gracious looks
lyes the onely hope of my life. Ah Philomela, were not
my loue extreme, my passions passing all measure, my
affection too full of anguish: I would haue concealed
my thoughts with silence, and haue smothered my griefs
with patience: But either I must liue by revealing it,
or die by repressing it; I feare thou wilt heere oblect,
Philippo is my Friend, and then I am of little Faith to
proffer him this wrong; I confesse this is a truth, and
were worthy of blame, were I not betwixt by loue,
who neyther admitteth exceptions of faith or friendship:
If it be a passion that controlleth the gods, no wonder
at all if it conquer and command Men. If Donnes dis-
obey their Fathers to haue their desires, it is more tole-
rable to cracke friendship for the conquest of loue. Why
then did Nature frame beautie to be so excellent, if she
had tyed the winning of it within exceptions? If that a
friend may fault with his friend for a kingdom, no doubt
faith may be broken for loue, that is a great deale more
puissant than Kings, and much more precious than Dia-
dems: chiefly, if that the partie bee chary to haue regard
of his Mistresse honour, what the eye sees not, Philo-
mela, neuer hurteth the heart, a secret loue impeacheth
not chastitie. Iuno neuer frowned when Iupiter made his
scape in a cloud. Pyluate pleasures haue neuer introyed
vnto them any penance, and he is alwayes counted chaste
enough, that is chary enough: When Padame, let him
not die for loue, whom if you please, you may blesse
with loue.

It may be you will reply, that Philipppo is a Conte.

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and a great deale my superiour, and the supzeme of your heart, therefore not to bee wronged with an arrinall. Consider, Madame, things doe by, & many unknowne escapes: Lons will play the wanton amongst the greatest Loyds: Women are not made such chaste Sunnes, but they may let much water slippe by the Mill that the Miller knoweth not of: They may loue their Husbands with one of their eyes, and fauour a friend with the other. Since then, Madame, I haue bene stung with the Scorpion, and cannot bee helpt or healed by none but by the Scorpion: That I am wounded with Achilles Lance, and I must be healed with his Trancheon: That I am intangled and snared in your beautie, and must be set at libertie onely by your loue: I keepe vpon my passions and pittie them, let mee not die for desiring your sweet selfe, but rather grant mee fauour, and enjoy such a Louer, as will prize your Honour before his life, and at all times bee yours in all dutypfull seruice whilst he liues, expecting such an answer as is agreeing to such diuine beautie, which cannot be cruell, or according vnto my destinie, which be it Anister, will be my death: Farewell.

Yours euer, though neuer

yours,

Giouanni Luteſio.

Having finished his Letter thus amazonſly, hee remembered himselfe, and although Philippo stayed for him in the Garden, yet hee slept once againe to his standing, and wrote vnder this following Sonnet:

Natura nihil frustra,

On Women Nature did bestow two eyes,

Like

P H I L O M E L A.

Like Hemians bright lamps, in matchles beauty shining,
 Whose beames doe soonest capt u- te the wise
 And wary heads, made rare by Arts refining.
 But why did Nature in her choyce combining,
 Plant two faire eyes within a beautilous face,
 That they might fauour two with equall grace ?

Venus did sooth vp Vulcan with one eye,
 With th'other granted Mars his wished glee:
 If she did so, whom Hymens did desie,
 Thinke loue no sinne, but grant an eye to mee,
 In vaine else nature gaue two starres to thee:
 If then two eyes may well two friends maintaine,
 Allow of two, and prone not Nature vaine.

*Naturarepugnare
belluinum.*

After he had ended this Sonnet, he went, and shew-
 ed them to Signior Philippo, who liked well of his passi-
 onate humbur, and desired nothing moze than to heare
 what answere his Wife would make to these amozous
 Poems: therefore that he might grant Lucio the fitter
 opportunitie to deliuer them, he toke a Whiffe, and went
 with sundry other Gentlemen his familiars, to solace
 himselfe vpon the Waters. In the meane while Lucio,
 who was left alone by himselfe, beganne to enter into
 the least disposition of a Zealous Man, that would haz-
 ard the honour of his Wife, to content his owne sus-
 picious humour, and whette on a Friend to a sayned
 fancie, which in time might grow to an vnfayned affe-
 ction: So that smiling to himselfe, hee beganne thus to
 murmur in his minde. Is not hee woorthy to finde
 that seeks, and deserueth hee not many blowes, that
 craves to be beaten? With Philippo will buy the Burkes
 head, is hee not woorthy to haue the hoznes? And seeing
 he

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he will needs haue me court his wife in teſt, were it not well if hee might haue the Cuckow in earneſt? Knowes hee not that ſcumpes amongſt Friends grow at laſt to open anger? That pretty ſportings in loue, end oftentimes in pretty bargaines? That it is ill teſting with edge toles, and of all Cattle woſt caſtling with faire Women? For beautie is a boyte that will not be dallyed with. But I loue him too well, and I honour the Lady too much, to motion ſuch a thought in earneſt: though he be ſo liſh, I know her too honeſt to grant loue to the greateſt Monarch of the world.

While hee was thus muſing with himſelfe, Philomela came into the Garden with two of her waiting Women, who ſeeing Luceſio in a dumps, thought he was deuiling of his new loue: Whereupon ſhee ſtept to him, and beganne to aſke him, if hee proceeded in his purpoſe. I, Madame, quoth he, if I meane to perſeuer in life, and with that the Water ſtoode in his eyes, whether it was that hee had an Onion in his napkin to make him weepe, or that hee had ſuckt that ſpeciall qualittie from his Mother, to let fall teares when he liſt, I know not: But ſhe perceiuing hee watered his plants, began ſomewhat to pittie his paſſions, and aſked him, if yet he had made the motion: No Madame, quoth Luceſio, but heere I haue written her my minde, and pleaſe it you, you ſhall be my Secretary, both to reade my Letter, and ſee her ſame, for I know you will conceale it. Philomela deſirous to ſee what Lady it was Luceſio was in loue with all, as Natura Mulierum Nouitatis auida, tooke it verie kindly at Luceſios hands, that hee would participate his ſecrets vnto her, and promiſed not onely to be ſilent, but to reſolue her opinion of the hope of his ſucceſſe; ſo ſhee tooke the Letter, and promiſed the next morning to glue it him againe, and ſo they fell into other chat, talking of ſundrie matters, as their preſent occasions did miniſter, till at laſt Philomela with childe

to

PHILOMELA.

to see the contents of the Letter, took her leave and went into her Closet, where unripping the Seales, she found lines farre unfitting to her expectation.

As soon as she saw Luchios lons was meant to her, she rent the Paper in a thousand pieces, and ex-
claymed against him in most bitter tearmes, vowing her
Rozd should bee reuenged vpon him for this intended
villante, or else she should refuse her for his wife: thus
alone while she breathed out most hard inuectiues a-
gainst him, yet at last, that she might aggravate her
Husbands displeasure the more against him, she gather-
ed vp the pieces, and laying them together, read them
ouer, where, perceiving his passions, and thinking them
to grow from a minde full of fancies; hauing somewhat
cooled her choler, shee resolved not to tell her Husband,
lest if hee should kill Luchio, shee might be thought
the occasion of the murder, and so bying
her vnblesmish honour in question,
and therefore shee took Paper
and Inke, and wrote
him this sharpe
reply.

Philomela

PHILOMELA.



Philomela to the most false Lutesio, wisheth
 T V what hee wants himselfe.



If thou wonderest what
 I wish thee, Lutesio, en-
 ter into thine owne
 want, and thou shalt
 finde, I desire thou
 mightest haue more ho-
 nour, and lesse disho-
 nour, else a short life, and
 a long repentance: I see
 now that Hemlocks
 wheresoeuer it be plan-
 ted, will bee pestilent,
 that the Serpent with

the brightest scales shroudeth the most fatall Venome,
 that the Ruby, whatsoeuer soile it hath will shew red, that
 when nature hatcheth vicious, nurture will neuer make
 vertuous.

Thou art like, Lutesio, vnto the Hyssop, growing in
 America, that is liked of strangers for the smell, and ha-
 ted of the Inhabitants for the operation, being as pre-
 iudiciall in the one, as delightfull in the other: So thou
 in boyce art holden honest, and therefore liked, but be-
 ing once looked into, and found lasciuious, thou wilt
 grow into as great contempt with thy familiars, as
 now thou art honoured amongst strangers. Hadst thou
 none answerable to thine appetite, but Philomela? For
 none

PHILOMELA

stone to wrong, but Philippo? Canst thou wish mee so much harme, or owe him so little friendshippe, I honouring thee so kindly, and bee louing thee so dearly? How canst thou loue the wife, that betrayest the husband? Or how shall I deeme thou wilt proue constant in love, that art false in thy faith, and to such a friend, who vext my selfe counteth thee second in his secrets? Woe man that harbours so bad a thought, ransacks thy thoughts and rippes vp the end of thy attempt, and then if that shame hath not utterly abandoned thee, thou wilt for feare of shame leaue off thy lust, and grow into moze grace.

Tell mee, Lutesio, and if thou speakest not what thou knowest, I desire thee, wherein hast thou seen me so light? Or haue my gestures bene so lewd, that thou wouldest gather hope to gaine thy loue? Hath Venice suspected me for a wanton? Hath Italy deemed mee dissolute? Haue I graunted vnto thee, or to any other, extraordinary fauours? Haue I bene frostward to my Lord, or by any wanton trickes shewed the wjache of my chastitie? If any of these blemishes haue disgraced mee, speake it, and I will call for grace, and amend them, but neuer a whit the moze befriend thee: For whereas I honourably thought of Lutesio, vntill I finde thy humour changes, I will ayne at thy dishonour, and proclaim thee an enemy to Ladies, because thou art a friend to lust. Ah Lutesio, I would sooner haue deemed the Seas should haue become drye, the Earth barren, and the Sunne without light, than thou wouldest haue sought to blemish the honestie of Philomela; or blemish the honour of Philippo: Philippo's wealth is at thy will, his sword at thy command, his heart placed in thy bosome, hee serueth of all that hee hath for thee, saue onely mee to himselfe; And canst thou bee so unkinde to robbe him of his onely plowe, that owes thee so much loue? Judge the best, and I hope that I imagine truely, thou doest it but

PHILOMELA.

to trye me, if it be so, I bryake it with the more patience,
yet discontent thou shouldest trouble mine eyes with a
wanton line: But if thy passionate humour be in ear-
nest; it contents mee not to denie thee, but to desire thee;
I proclaime thy selfe enemy to thy life, as thou art en-
uyous of mine, and my Husbonds honour. I will incense
Philippo to renouge with his Sword, what I cannot
requite with wordes, and neuer line in quiet, till I see
thee die, infamous Traytor, as thou art; vlesse thy
grace be such, to cease from thy treachery, come no more
in my Husbonds house, lest thou looke for a Dagger in
thy bosome: Feede not at my Table, lest thou quasse
with Alexander thy fatall Draught: To bee bryfe,
Ioue not Philomela, if thou meane to liue, but looke vp to
Heauen, become penitent for thy fond and foolish passi-
ons: Let mee see repentance in thy eyes, and remouge
in thy actions: Be as thou hast bene, a friend to Phi-
lippo, and a fauourer of mine honour, and though thou
hast deserved but meanely, yet thou shalt bee welcome
heartily, and whatsoever is past, vpon thy penitence,
I will pardon, and so for this time conceale it from the
knowledge of the Conte, eitherwise set downe thy rest,
we will not both liue together in Italy. Farewell,

Neuer thine, though she were

not Philippos,

Philomela Medici.

Having ended her Letter, she resolved to answer his
Sonnet, as well to shew her wit, as to choake his wan-
tonnesse, and therefore she wrote this Poem.

Quot Corda, tot Amores.

Nature

PHILOMELA.

Nature foreseeing how men would deuise
 More wiles than *Prothens*, women to entise,
 Granted them two, and those bright shining eyes,
 To pierce into mans faults if they were wise.
 For they with shew of vertue maske their vice,
 Therefore to womens eyes belongs these gifts,
 The one must loue, the other see mens shifts.

Both these awayte vpon one simple heart,
 And what they choose, it hides vp without change.
 The Emrauld will not with his portraite part,
 Nor will a womans thoughts delight to range.
 They hold it bad to haue so base exchange.
 One heart, one friend, though that two eyes doe choose
 No more but one, and heart will neuer lose him. (him,

Cor vnum, Amor vnus.

As soone as she had Dealed by her Letter, she broght no
 delay, but sent it straight by one of her waiting ~~W~~omen
 to Lucio, whom shee found sitting alone in his Cham-
 ber reading vpon a Booke; interrupting his study, she de-
 liuered him the letter, and the message of her Lady. Lu-
 cio kind, gaue the Gentlewoman a kisse, so; he thought
 she valued a litle fauour more than a peece of gold, & with
 great cortesse gaue her leave to depart: She was scarce
 out of the Chamber, but he opened the letter, and found
 what hee expected, the resolution of a chaste Countesse,
 too worthy of so ialous a Husband, praying in himselfe
 the honourable minde of Philomela, hee went abroad to
 find out Philippo, whom at the last he met nere vnto the
 Arsenall; walking together to Lucios house, there hee
 shewed Philippo his wifes letter, and did comment vpon
 euery line, commending greatly her chastity, & deeply
 condemning his suspition. Thus, sayes Philippo, all this

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Winde shakes no coyne. Helene writ as sharply to Paris, yet she ran away with him. Try her once againe, Lutesio, and for my life thou shalt find calmer words, and smoother lines. Lutesio with his eyes full of choler made him this answer; Philippo, if thou beest so satisfied, with Cephalus to betray thy wifes honour, perhaps with him, ypon the first that repent thy treachery: When the withe Doe is not chased, thou mayest chassen him with a waite, but being once endangered with the Dogs, he is distastell.

Women that are chaste while they are trusted, ypon wantons, being suspected canse themselves: Jealousie is a spur to reuenge. Beware Philomela heare not of this practice, lest she make thee eate with the blinde man many a spee. Canst thou not, Philippo, content thy selfe, that thy Lady is honest; but thou must plot the meanes to make her a Harlot? If thou likest hunters sees so well, seeke another woodman: for I will not play an apple squire, to feede thy humours. If Venice knew as much as I am ysaie to, they would hold thee worthy of that thou heest not, and her a foole, if shee gave not thee what thou seekest, for. I am sorry, I haue wronged her vertues by so bad a meslion: But henceforth, Philippo, heereafter get mee in the like heyne; and more, if thou leauest not from being so valne, I will abandon thy companie, and renounce thy friendship for ever.

Philippo hearing his friend Lutesio so shortly desired him to be content, patient and silent, and hee would rage out the suspicious conceit that haunted him, and so goner after grace his good wife with more true and honour: and with that, Philippo and hee walked to the Rialto: But Lutesio would not so; that night goe to the house of Philippo, lest his presence might bee offensiu to Philomela, and so drins him into some dumpty choler.

Philippo coming home, was welcome to his Table, and being somewhat late, they sat downe louingly to supper. The first course was no sooner come in, but Phi-

lippo

lippo sayd, he marvelled, that all that day he had not seen Lutesio: this he spake with his eyes on Philomelas face, to see what countenance she would hold at his name, she little suspecting, her husband had bene p̄sule to her new found Loner, blisht, and kept her selfe silent. Philippo toke no knowledge of any thing, but pass it over smotherly, and bled his former wonted familiaritie to his Wife. The next day going abroad, Lutesio came to his house, and went not in as his custome was, boldly, but walking in the Hall, asked one of the Earles Gentlemen, if the Countesse was stirring: hee marrelling at Lutesios strangeness, smiled, and sayd, Sir, what needes this question? my Lady is alone at her Booke, goe by Sir, and helpe her in her Studies. I pray you, quoth Lutesio, goe to the Countesse, and tell her I am here, & would if her leave served her, gladly have a word with her. The Gentleman, though hee wondered at these vnconth words of Lutesio, yet hee went by and told his Lady the message, who presently leaving her Booke and Company, all to groyne out of the Chamber, sent for him by; who no sooner came into her presence, but she saluted him with such a frowne, that hee stood as mortified, as if he had bene stricken with the eye of a Basiliske. Philomela seeing him in this passionate agony, began with him thus.

I cannot tell Lutesio, how to salute thee, eyther with looks or speeches, seeing thou art not as thou seemedst once my wel-wisher, and my husbands friend. The Rapidaries haue the Ropes no longer than they hold their vertices: nay, I praye, a Gentleman no longer than hee regards his honour. No; as a Diamond with a clowd is cast into the Goldsmiths cast: So a Gentleman without credit, is carelessly holden for refuse. I read thy letter, and I answered it: But tell me, how shall I take it? As thou replyest, so will I entertaine: if to trie me, thou shalt finde the more shauour: If to betray me, hope for nothing but reuenge. Lutesio hearing Philomela so honoura-

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bly peremptory, with blushing cheekes made her this answer.

Madame, as my face betrayses my folly, and my ruddy hue my retchlesse shew, so let my words be holden for witness of my truth, and thinke what soeuer I say is sooth: By the faith of a Gentleman, then assure your selfe, mine eye hath ever loued you, but neuer vnlawfully; And what humble duettie I haue shewne you, hath beene to honour you, not to dishonour you. This letter was but to make tryall how you liked Philippo, to whom I owe such Faith, that it would grieue mee, hee should haue a wife false: I know not, Madame, what humour vnto mee on to it. I am sure, neyther your wanton looks, nor light demeanours, but a kinde of passion destined to breed mine owne prejudice, if your fauour exceede not my deserts: If therefore your Ladyshippe shall forgette and forgine this folly, and conceale it from the Earle, who perhaps may take it meant in earnest, enioyne mee any penance, Madame, and I will performe it with patience.

Philomela hearing Lutesio thus penitent, beganne to cleare vp her countenance, and sayd to him thus: It is folly to rubbe the skarre, when the wound is almost whole, or to renew quarrels, when the matter is put in compromise: Therefore omitting all, Lutesio, I pardon thee, and promise neyther to remember thy folly my selfe, nor yet to reueale it to my Husband, but thou shalt bee euery way as heartily welcome to mee, as thou wert wont: Onely this shall be thy penance, to sweare vpon this Bible, neuer hereafter to motion mee of any dishonestie. To this Lutesio willingly granted, and took his Oath: So were they reconciled, and the Countesse called for a cuppe of wine, and drinke to him: And after, to passe away the afternoone, they fell to Chess: After a mate or two, the Countesse was called

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called aside, by one Margareta Stromia, a Venetian Lady, that came to visite her, and Lucio went downe to walke in the Garden: by chance as hee was striking through the Parlor, hee met the Earle, whom hee tooke by the Arme, and led him into one of the private walkes, and there recounted unto him, what reconciliation was growne betwene him and the Countesse his Wife, which highly pleased the Earle, so that without any more crosse humours, they pass a long time in all contented pleasures: Till Fortune, whose enuie is to subvert content, and whose delight is to turne Comicke Mirth, into Tragicke Sorrowes, entred into the Theater of Philomela's life, and beganne to Act a balefull Scene in this manner following.

Philippo, who had not quite extinguished Suspition, but covered up in the Cinders of Melancholy, the glowing sparkes of lealouſie, beganne afresh to kindle the flame, and to conceit a new insight into his Wives actions, and whereas generally hee miſtruſted her beſore, and onely thought her a wanton, as ſhee was a Woman: Now hee ſuſpected that there was too much familiaritie betwene her and Lucio, and ſtill, that betwene them both, hee tooke the Vozes: Yet accuſe her hee durſt not, becauſe her Parentage was great, her friends many, and her honeſtie moſt of all. Neither had hee any probable Articles to object againſt her, and therefore was ſilent, but euer murmuring with himſelfe to this effect.

Philippo, thou wert too ſond to plotte Lucio a meaneſ of his Loue, granting him opportunitie to love, which is the ſweeteſt Friend to Loue: Men cannot dally with Fire, nor ſpoyle with Affection: For hee that is a ſuter in ſell, may be a ſpender in carneſt: Haue not ſuch a thought in thy minde, Philippo, for as Lucio is thy friend, ſo is hee faithfull: and as Philomela

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Philomela is thy Wife, so thee is honest; And yet both may toyne issue, and prone dissemblers; Lovers have Argus eyes, to bee wary in their doings, and Angels tongues, to talke of holynesse, when their hearts are most lascivious: Though my Wife returned a taunting Letter to him openly, yet shes might send him sweet lines secretly, her colourable answer was but a cloake for the raine: For, ever since, they have bene moze familiar, and lesse asunder, nor shes is never merry, if Lutesio beginne not the mirth: If Lutesio be not at the Table, her stomacke is queasie, as when the Halcyons hatch the Sea is calme, and the Phoenix neuer spreads her winges, but when the Sunne-beames shine on her nest: So Philomela is never frolicke, but when shes is matcht in the company of Lutesio; this courtly grooves of some private kindnesse, which if I can finde out by just proue and circumstances, let me alone to reuenge to the uttermost.

In this Zealous passion, hee passed away many dayes, and many Moneths, till one day Lutesio being alone in the Chamber with Philomela, the Earle coming in, and hearing they were together, went charily by the stayes, and peeping in at the locke-hole, saw them two standing at a bay-window, hand in hand, talking very familiarly: which sight stricke such a suspicious fury into his head, that he was halfe franticke, yet did hee smother, what hee thought in silence, and going downe into the Garden, left them two still together; being there alone by himselfe, he cast a thousand suspicious doubts in his head, of Lutesio, and his Wifes dishonestie, intending to watch moze narrowly, to take them in a Trappe, while they paye Doubles little mistrusted his zealousie.

Hee had not staid in the Garden long, ere Lutesio and the Countesse went downe together to walke, where they found the Earle in his dumps; but they two

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Two awakened him from his drowfie melancholy, with the pleasant deuices of Signior Lucio, Philippo making at all no shew of his suspicion; but entertayned his friend with all accustomed familiaritie; so that they pass away that day with all contented pleasures, till night, the infortunate vnder of Philomela's misfortunes, grew on, when shee and the Earle went to bed together: For, as shee lay talking, she started, being new quickened with Childe, and feeling the vpperfect Infant stirre, Philippo asking the cause, shee ready to weepe for ioy, sayd, Good newes my Lord, you shall haue a young Sonne: At this, his heart waxed colde: and hee questioned of her, if shee were with Childe: shee taking his hand, laying it on her side, sayd; Feare my Lord, you may perceiue it more; with that, it leapt against his hand: When shee creeping into his bosome, beganne amorously to kisse him, and commend him; That, though for the space of foure yeares that they had beene married, shee had had no Childe, yet at last shee had played the mans part, and gotten her a Boy.

This toucht Philippo at the quicke, and doubled the flame of his Jealousie, that as a Span halfe Lunaticke, hee leapt out of the bed, and drawing his Rapier, beganne thus to menace poore Philomela. Incessuous Strumpet, more wanton than Lamia; more lasciuious than Lais, and more shamelesse than Paphae, whose life as it hath bene shadowed with pastured holynesse, so it hath bene full of pestilent villanies; thou hast suckt subtiltie from thy Mother, thou hast learned with Circes to Enchant, with Calypso to Charme, with the Syrens to Sing, and all these to breed my destruction: Yet at last, thy concealed vices are burst open into manifest abuses. Now is thy lust growne to light, thy whoredomes to bee acted in the Theaters of Venice, thy palpable dissoluteness to bee proclaimed in

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in the Prouinces of Italy; Time is the Mother of
 Cruelty, and now hath layde open thy life to the
 World: Thou art with Venus, taken in a Net by
 Vulcan, and though thou hast long gone to the Wa-
 ter, yet at last thou art come broken home. I mi-
 strusted this of long, and haue found it out at last. I
 meane the Lines betweene thee, and that Traytoꝝ Lu-
 cefio, which although I smothered with Silence, yet
 I bid by so; revenge: I haue seene with grieve, and
 past over with sorrow many odde pꝛanches, thinking
 still, time would haue altered thy thoughts, but now
 thou hast spoiled thy belly full, and gotten a Bastard,
 and wouldest loppe me off to be the Father; So, though
 I bee blinde, I will not swallow such a Flye. For
 the time of thy quickening, and his fresh acquaintance
 Jumps in an even Date; This foure yeare I haue ben
 thy Husband, and could not rayse by thy belly, and
 Lucifio no sower grew Familiar with thee, but hee
 got thee with Child: And were it not, base flatterer,
 that I refer as thee to further Infamie, I would pre-
 sently butcher thee, and the Whore both with one stab:
 And with that hee flung out of the Chamber, leaning
 poore Philomela in a great maze, to heare this vnlookt
 for discourse: Insomuch, that after shee had lyen
 a while in a Trance, comming to her selfe, she burst
 forth into aboundance of teares, and passed away the
 Night in bitter complaints, whilst Philippo madde
 with the Franticke humor of Zealouse, sat in his
 Study, hammering how hee might hying both Lucifio
 and her to confusion: One while hee resolved to pꝛouide
 Gallies ready for his passage, and then to murder both
 his Wife and Lucifio, and so to flye away into some
 foraigne Countrey: Then hee determined to accuse
 them befoze the Duke his neere Kins-man, and haue
 them openly punished with the extremities of the Law:
 but hee wanted Witnesses to confirme his Zealous
allega-

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allegations. Being thus in a quandary, at last, hee called by two Genowayes his Servants, Whomes that neyther regarded God, Religion, nor Conscience, and them hee saboyzned with sweete perswasions, and large promises, to sweare, that hee and they did take Signior Lutesio, and the Lady Philomela in an Adulterous Action, and although the base Villaines had at all no sparkes of honesty in their mindes, yet the honour of their Lady, her courtesse, to all her knowne vertues, and speciall good qualities did so pzenayle, that they were passing unwilling to blemish her good name with their Perjuries; yet at last the County cloyde them so with the hope of Gold, that they gave free consent to Confirme by Oath, whatsoener hee would plotte downe to them.

Whereupon the next morning the Earle gat him early to the Duke of Venice, who was his Cousin Germane, and made solemne complaint of the dishonoured him by his Wife and Signior Lutesio: Craving Justice, that he might have such a manifest injury redressed with the rigour of the Law.

The Duke, whose name was Lorenzo Medici, grieved that his Binsman was bired with such a crosse, and sorrowed, that Philomela, that was so famous in Italy, for her beantie and vertue, should dishonour her selfe, and her Husband, by yielding her lone to lascivious Signior Lutesio, swearing a present dispatch of reuenge, and thereupon granted out strict Warrants to bring them both presently before him.

Conte Philipppo glad of this, went his way to the house of Signior Lutesio well armed, and enery way appointed, as if he had gone to sacke the strongest holme in all Italy, carrying with him a Cens of his Friends and familiars, furnished at all points to apprehend the guiltlesse Gentleman. As soone as they came to his house,

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house, they found one of his servants sitting at the doore who seeing the Earle, saluted him reverently, and marvelled what the reason should be, hee was accompanied with such a multitude.

Philippo demanded of him where his Master was : Enquiring, may it please your Honour (quoth hee) in his Garden. Then sayes the Earle, If hee bee no more busie, I will bee so bold as to goe speake with him, and therefore follow mee, sayeth hee to the crue, who pearing in after the Earle, encountred Lutesio, coming from his Garden to goe into his Chamber : as soone as he spied Philippo, with a merry looke, as if his heart had commanded his eyes to bid him welcome, hee saluted the Earle most graciously, but highly was astonished, to see such a troope at his heels.

Philippo contrarie (as Lutesio offered to embrace him with his best hand) took him fast by the bosome, and pulling forth his Ponyeard, sayd : Traytor, were it not I regard mine Honour, and were loth to bee blemishd with the blood of so base a Companion, I would rippe out that false heart that hath violated the Faith once united betwixt vs : But the extremitie of the Law shall revenge thy villany : And therefore Officers take him into your custody, and carry him presently to the Duke, whither I will bring straight the Strumpet his Paramour, that they may receive condigne punishment for their most haynous and detestable treacheries.

Woe Lutesio, who little lookt for such a greeting of the Earle, wonderd whence this bitter speech should grow, so deeply amazed, that hee stood as a man in a Trance, till at the last, gathering his wits together, hee beganne humbly and fearefully to haue replied : When the Earle commanded the Officers to carrie him away, and would not heare him utter any one word.

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Shee speeding him home to his stone house, to fetch his sorrowfull and sanittlesse Wife, to heare the balefull verdit of her appeached Innocencie : Comming by into her bed-Chamber, shee found her sitting by her bedside, on her knees, in most hearty and deuout prayer, that it would please God, to cleare her Husband from his Zealousse, and protect her from any open reproach or slander, uttering her Prayers with such heart-breaking sighes, and abondance of teares, that the base Catchpoles that came in with him, tooke pittie, and did compassionate the extremitie of her passions : But Philippo, as if he had participated his nature with the bloud-thirstie Caniball, or eaten of the Death in roote, that maketh a man to be as cruell in heart, as it is hard in the rynde, slept to her, and casting her backward, bade her arise strompet, and hastily make her ready, for the Duke stayed for her comming, and had sent his Officers to fetch her.

Perplexed Philomela, casting by her eye, and seeing such a Crew of Rake-hels, ready to attend vpon her, was so surcharged with griefe, that shee fell downe in a passion : Philippo let her lye, but the Ministers slept vnto her, and recovered her againe : as soone as shee was come to her selfe, shee desired Philippo, that for all the losse of their youth, hee would grant her but onely this one fauour, that shee might not bee carryed befoze the Duke, with that common attendance; but that shee and hee might goe together without any further open discredit, and then, if shee could not proue her selfe innocent, let her without fauour, abide the penaltie of the Law. Although shee craved this bene, with abondance of teares, yet Philippo would haue no remorsse, but compelled her to attire her selfe, and then conuayed her with this crew to the Dukes Palace, where there was gathered together all the Consigliadozy, and chiefe Magistrates of the Citie : Her passing

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thoſe in the ſtreets, ſhew a great wonder to the Venetians, what the cauſe of her trouble ſhould be: ſo that infinite number of Citizens followed her, and as many other people as could thruſt into the Common-Hall, to heare what ſhould bee objected againſt Philomela.

At laſt, when the Judges were ſet, and Luceſio, and Philomela, brought to the Barre: the Duke commanded Philipppo to diſcourſe what Articles he had to object againſt his Wiſe and Luceſio.

Philipppo, with his eyes full of Zealouſie, and heart armed with reuenge, looking on them both, ſetching a deepe ſigh, beganne thus. It is not unknowne to the Venetians, (right famous Duke, and honourable Magiſtrates of this ſo worthy a Citty,) how euer ſince I married this Philomela, I haue yeilded her ſuch a one with reuerence, ſuch affection with care, ſuch deuoted fauours with affected duties, that I did rather honour her as a Saint, than regarde her as a Wiſe: ſo that the Venetians counted mee, rather to dole on her extremely, than to lone her ordinarily; Neyther can I denie, mighty Lorenzo, but Philomela returned all theſe my fauours with gentle loues, and obedient amours, being as dutifull a Wiſe, as I was a louing Huſband, untill this Traytor Luceſio, this ingratefull ſpouſer, that liuing, hath drunke of the Riuier Lethe, which maketh men forgetfull of what is paſt: ſo he, obliuious of all honour I did him, was the firſt Actor in this Tragick overthrow of the ſame of the Houſe of Philipppo. I appeale to you Venetians, euen from the Magiſtrate, to the meaneſt man, what honourable parts of friendſhippe I haue ſhowne to Luceſio, how hee was my ſecond ſelfe, except Philomela; his boſome was the Cell, wherein I hid by my ſecrets, his mouth was the Oracle, whereby I directed my actions; as I could not bee without his preſence, ſo I neuer would doe any thing

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thing without his Counsell : committing thus my selfe, my Soule, my gods, mine Honour, nay, my Wife, to his honour, onely reserving her from him of all that I haue p̄uate to my selfe. This Traytor. (Oh listen to a Tale of ruth, Venetians) neyther regarding God, nor respecting his friend, neyther moved with feare, nor touched with faith, forgetting all friendshippes, became amorously to loose my Wife, and at last dishonestly wanne her? And now of long time, lasciuiously hath vsed her, which I suspected, as little as I trusted, and affected them both deeply.

How long they haue continued in their Adulterous lones I know not: But as time hatcheth truth, and reuealeth the very intralles of hidden secretes, so yesterday, Oh, the balefull day of my dishonour! Lutesio, and my wife being suspected of too much familiarity by my seruants, though neuer mistrusted by mee, were watched by these Genowayes, who seeing them in the Chamber together, shamelesse as they were, hauing little regarde of any p̄uate Pyers into their actions, sel to these amorous sports, so openly, that though a churck of the dooze, these were eye-witnesses of their Adultery.

I being then in the Garden, comming by, and finding these two p̄eping in at the Dooze, stole secretly by, and with these p̄aze Slaves, was a beholder of mine owne dishonour; My shame was so great, and my sorrow so extreme, to see my Wife so inconstant, and my friend so false, that I stepped backe againe into the Garden, calling away these Warlets, and leaving them still Agents of these bakinde villanies: When I came into the Garden, such was the loue to Philomela, and so great the friendshippes I bore to Lutesio, that trust mee, Venetians, had my selfe onely bene a witness of their follies, I would haue smothered the fault with silence: But knowing, that such base Rascals would at one time or other bee blabbes, and so
ble-

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blemish mine honour, and so accuse mee for a Whittoll to my owne Wife. I resolued to haue them punished by Law, that haue so peruersely requested my Loue: Therefore haue I here produced them in open Court, that my dishonours may end in their reuenge, calling for iustice with extremitie, against two persons of such treacherous ingratitude.

And heere Philippo ceased, vntoing all the hearers into a great maze, that the Duke late astonish'd, the Consigliadoz musing, and the Common people murmuring at the discourse of Signior Philippo, and bending their enuyous eyes against the two Innocents, for wronging so honourable a Countie.

To be briefe, Lutesio and Philomela were examined, and no doubt, they tolde sundrie tales to cleare themselves: But all in vaine, for the Death of the two Slaves found them guilty, whereupon a quest of choyce Citizens went vpon them, and both as guiltie condemned to death.

When the fatall Sentence should haue beene pronounced against them. Philippo, with a counterfeyte countenance, full of sorrow, kneeling downe, desired, that they might not die, because it would grieue him to be blemish'd with the blood of his Wife, whom hee had loued, or of his friend, whom hee had honoured: at whose humble intreatie, Iudgement was giuen, that Philippo and Philomela should be diuorced: and he at free libertie to marry whom he list: And Lutesio, for euer to be banished, not onely out of Venice, but of all the Dukedoms and Territories of the same.

As soone as Sentence was giuen, Lutesio fetcht a great sigh, and laying his hand on his bosome, sayd: This briefe, Philippo, did neuer harbour any disloyall thought against thee, nor once imagine, or contriue any dishonour against thy Wife. Whatsoeuer thou hast wrongfully aserred, or the Duke hardly conceived,
for

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for guiltlesse, I appeale to none but GOD, who knoweth mee guiltlesse, and to thine owne Conscience, whose witness for this wrong, will ever bee relesse. My banishment I beake with patience, in that I know Time will discover any truth in my absence: Smoake cannot bee hid den, nor the wrong of Innocents scape without reuenge. I onely grieue for Philomela, whose chastitie is no lesse, than her vertues are many, and her Honour as farre from lost, as thou and thy perjured Slaves from truth: It bates not hie many wordes, onely this I will say, Men of Venice haue lost a friend, which hee will misse, and a Wife that hee will sorrow for. And so hee went out of the Councell-house, home to his owne lodging, hauing the terme of twenty one dayes appointed for his departure.

Philomela, poore Soule, knowing what was in re- cord, could not bee reuerst: That her credite was crackt, her Honour utterly blemisht, and her name brought in contempt: For all this, abashed not outwardly, what-soeuer shee conceyted inwardly, but seemed in her farre more full of fauour and beantie, than euer shee was be- fore: And her lookes so modest and grane, that Chasti- tie seemed to sitte in her eyes, and to proclaim the wrong was offered vnto her by these perierd Per- sons. With this assured and constant countenance, first looking on the Duke, on the Consigliadoz, on the com- mon People, and then on her Husband, shee said these words.

O Philippo Medici, once the Honour of Philomela, though now the wacke of her Honour, and the blemish of her high Fortunes, how canst thou looke to Heauen, and not tremble? How canst thou behelde me, and not blush? How canst thou thinke there is a God, without feare? Oyn Pall, without horror? Canst thou blinde the Diuine Patience, as thou hast leade these Pa-

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illustrates into a false opinion of thine owne dishonour, and my dishonestie? Mille testes conscientia: If these blames, the spinners of thy zealous enuie should grow dumbe, and all the World silent, yet will thine owne conscience daily cry out in thine eares, that thou hast much wronged Philomela. I am the Daughter of a Duke, as thou art the Sonne of an Earle: my vertues in Venice, haue beene as great as thine honours: my fortunes and my friends, more than thine: All these will search into this cause, and if they finde out mine innocencie, thinke Counte Philippo worthy of great Penance.

But in haine, I vse Charmes to a deafe Abber: Therefore I leaue thee to the choyce of a new Loue, and the Fortune of a faire Wife, who, if shee prove as honestly amorous towards thee, as Philomela, then wrong her not with suspicion, as thou hast done mee with Zealousie: lest shee prove too liberall, and pay my Debts.

Yet Counte Philippo, thou hast lost more in losing Signior Lucio, than in forsaking mee, for thou mayest haue many honest wines, but neuer so faithfull a friend: Therefore though I bee divorced, bee thou and hee reconciled, lest at last, the horror of thy conscience drive thee into despair, and paine thee with too late repentance.

So Philippo, ever wishing thee well, I will ever intreat, that neyther God may lay the wrong of mine innocencie to thy charge, nor my friends triumph in thy insupportable remorse, and so farewell.

With this, shee kept forth of the Hall, leaving Philippo greatly tormented in his conscience, and the Duke, and all the rest wondering at her passion: saying, it was pittie, shee was driven on to wantonnes by Lucio.

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The rumours of this spread through all Venice, of the lascivious life of Philomela; Some sayd, all was not Gold that glittered, that the fairest faces haue oft times the falsest hearts; and the smoothest looks, the most treacherous thoughts; that as the Argate, bee it neuer so white without, yet it is full of blacke strokes within: and that the most shining Sonne breedeth the most sharpe thowes: So women, the more chastity they profess openly, the lesse chary they are in secret of their honesty. Others sayd, it might bee a compacted matter by the Earle Philippo to be ridde of his Wife: some sayd, that the matter might be mistaken, and made worse than it was.

Thus diuersly they did descant, while poore Philomela, being gotten to a Gentlemans house, a friend of hers, satte sorrowfully, resolving how shes might best salue this blemish; one while she thought to goe home to the Duke her Father and to incense him to reuenge: That againe she misliked, for by open larres, and ciuill discontion, were shes neuer so innocent, yet her name should by such open brawles, growe more infamous: Another while, she thought to perswade Signior Lucio against him, and that she might procure the slaves by torture to betray the subornation of Perloris, and so to bring her Husband within the compasse of open treachery.

Thus the secret loue shes bare still to Philippo, would not suffice: for she had rather be a guiltlesse shame, than bring her Husband to perpetuall infamy.

Thus did shes plot in her mind sundry waies of reuenge: But at last, this was her resolution, that her Honour so famous through Italy, was now so highly Rayn'd; shes would neyther stay in Italy, nor yet returne to her Father, but goe into some strange country, and there die unknowne, that being absent from

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For rumour of her bad report, shee might lins, though
poezely, yet quiet.

Upon this determination, shee set downe her self,
and gathered all her clothes and Jewels together: For
the Earle sent her all, whatsoeuer hee had of hers, and
shee returned him by the Messenger a Ring with a Dia-
mond, wherein was written these wordes, Olim memi-
nisse dolerit. The Earle toke it, and put it on his finger,
which after byed his further misery.

But leaving him a contented man, though with a
troubled conscience: for the satisfiing of his zealous
reuenge.

Againe, to Philomela, who hauing packt by all
her Jewels and Treasures, listned for a ship, and heard
of one that made to Palermo in Sicilia. As the poore
Countesse was carelesse of her selfe, as a Woman halfe
in despaire, so shee little regarded to what port of Chri-
stendome the Marke made, and therefore hired passage
in that shippe so secretly, that none but her owne selfe
and a Page did knowe, when or whither shee meant to
make her Voyage; So that on a suddaine, hauing cer-
taine intelligence at what houre the ship would warpe
out of the Haven, shee slipt away, and her Page with
her, and getting aboard vnder Mayle, committed her selfe
to God, the mercy of the Seas, and to the Hazard of
many hard misfortunes.

The shippe had not gone a League vpon the Seas,
but Philomela beganne to be sick; whereupon the Ma-
ster of the shippe comming in to comfort her, found
her in his eye, one of the fayrest creatures that euer
hee saw, and though her colour were something pale
throughe her present sicknesse, yet hee could compare
it to no worke showe than the glister of the Moone in a si-
lent night, and a cleare skie, so that the poore Whippers
conscience beganne to bee prickt, and Aone beganne to
make

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Take him by the Solace, that hee late dolme by her, my
after his blunt fashion, gave her such stout comfort as
such a swayne could afford.

Philomela thanked him, and told him, it was nothing
but a passion, that the roughness of the seas had wrought
in her, who heretofore was unacquainted with any other
waters than the River *Ido*, and such small Crakes as
watered *Italy*.

Whereupon the *Passer* departed, but with a Flea in
his Ear, and Love in his eye; For hee had almost for-
got his Compass, hee was so farre out of compass,
with thinking how to compass Philomela. In this amo-
rous humour, hee beganne to visite often the Cabbine
wherein Philomela lay, which was a meanes rather
to encrease his furie, than to qualifie the fire of Love
that beganne to heate him: For, as hee that playeth
with a Be, may sooner slea her King, than take of her
Honey: So hee that acquainteth himselfe with Love, may
more easily repent him than content him, and sooner
inthrall himselfe in a Labyrinth, than gette an houre
of quiet libertie. So it fell out with *Tebaldo*, for so
was the *Passer* of the Shippe called: For hee by con-
versing privately and familiarly with Philomela, became
so farre in Love, that hee helde no happinesse like the ob-
taining of his Love: Hee noted the excellencie of her
beautie, the exquisitenesse of her qualities, and measu-
red everie part with such precise Judgement, that the
small heate of desire grew to a glowing fire of affec-
tion. But for all this, hee durst not reveale his minde
unto her, lest happily by his motion, she should be moved
unto displeasure. But as by time, small sparkes grow
into great flames; So at last, hee waxed so passionate,
that there was no way with him but death, or despair,
if hee did not manifest his thoughts unto her: resolving
thus damnable with himselfe, that howsoever Love or
fortune

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fortune dealt with him, hee would have his minde satisfied: For if shee granted, then hee would keep her in Palermo, as his Paramour: If shee denied, seeing he had her within the compasse of his Barke, hee haue his purpose by force, and so become Lord of his content by conquest.

Thus resolute, hee went towards the Cabbin of Philomela, to bewray his affection unto her, when ozating neere the Doore, hee heard her playing most cunningly vpon a Lute, certaine Lessons of curious descant; staying a while, lest hee might interrupt so sweet Musicke: At last, shee left off, and fell from her Lute, to this lamentable complaint.

O my Woman, worthy so termed, being brought to thy wee by a Man; now dost thou see, that as such as are stung by the Tarantula, are best cured by Musicke: so such minde as are vexed by sorrow, finde no better relief, than a sweet relish of comforting melody.

My Abstemia, so is she now called her name, the moze to disgraue her selfe: If Musicke should bee answerable to thy Part; come, oz the excellencie of descant comfortable to the intent of the disreioz: Then must Apollo be fetcht from Heauen, Orpheus from his grave, Amphion from his rest, the Syrens from the Rockes, to qualifie thy musings with their Musickes: For though they excell in degrees of sounds, thou excadest in diuersities of sorrowes, being farre moze miserable than Psallists: and yet they, the rarest of all others: Once Abstemia, thou wast counted the sayest in all Italy, and now, thou art holden the fairest: Thy vertues were thought many, now thy dishonours are counted numberlesse: thou wert the glory of thy parents, the hope of thy friends, the fame of thy Country, the wonder of thy time for modestie, the paragon of Italy for honourable grace, and the pattern whereby Women did measure their perfections: for shee
that

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that was holden lesse modest, was counted a Whanton : and shee that would seeme moze vertuous, was esteemed too precise : But now thou art valued worthlesse of all thy former Honours, by the stain of one undeserued blemish.

Ab, had I bene false to my Husband, perhaps I had bene moze fortunate, though not in my owne conscience, to the eyes of the World lesse suspected, and so not detested : But innocencie, to GOD is the sweetest Innocence, and a Conscience without guilt, is a sacrifice of the purest saour. What, though I be blamed? If my life be lent me, my honour will be recovered ; for as God will not suffer a murdher to escape without punishment : So hee will not let the wrong of the innocent goe to his grave without revenge. Though thou be banished, Abstemia, yet comfort thy selfe, account each Country thine owne, and euery honest Man thy Neighbour : let thy life be means, so shalt thou not bee lost into : For sunne creepeth not so low as Cottages : Kees bend with the Winds, when Ceuers fall with a blast : Poore men reelye lightly of Fortune, because they are too weak for Fortune, when higher States feele her force, because they nosse in her bosome : Acquaint not thy selfe with many, lest thou fall into the hands of flatterers, for the Popular sorts haue moze eyes and longer tongues than the Rich : Seeme courteous to all, but conuerse with few : And let thy vertues bee much spoken, though thy selfe line neuer so private. Hold honestly moze deare than thy life, and be thou neuer so poore, yet be chaste, and chuse rather to starue in the Streets, than line daintily at a Lechers Table : If as thou art beautifull, Abstemia, any fall in loue with thy fauours, and what hee cannot winne by suites, will sake to get by force, and so rauish thee of thy richest glorie : Chuse rather to be without breath, than line with such a blemish. Thou art friend-

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less in Sicilia, and though thou complaynest, thou shalt
not be heard: might overcomes right, and the weakest
are still thrust to the wall.

To prevent therefore constraint in love in the grea-
test Prince: I have provided (quoth she) a popson in
the scale of my King, as deadly as it is little, resolving
as stoutly as Hannibal did, who helds the like in the
pommel of his sword, and chafe rather to die free, than
fall into the hands of Scipio. So, before any Leacher
shall force me to satisfy his passion, I will end my life
with this fatal popson. So Abskenia, shalt thou die more
honourably, which is more deare than to live disgraced:
Enough is a feast, praye Metch, what needs these so-
lemne preachings? Leave these secret dumps, and fall
to thy Lute, for thou shalt have time enough to thinke
of sorrow: And with that she tuned her strings, and
in a merry heyne played this of soure plea-
sant Lessons, and at last sung to her
selfe this conceited
Ditty.



AN ODE.

WHat is lone once disgraced,
 But a wanton thought ill placed?
 Which doth blemish whom it pain-
 And dishonours whom it dayneth, (eth,
 Seene in higher powers most,
 Though some fooles doe fondly boast,
 That who so is high of kin,
 Sanctifies his loners sin.
Ioue could not hide *Io's* scape,
 Nor conceale *Calisto's* rape.
 Both did fault, and both were framed,
 Light of loues, whom lust had shamed.
 Let not women trust to men,
 They can flatter now and then.
 And tell them many wanton tales,
 Which doe breed their after bales.
 Sinne in Kings, is sinne wee see,
 And greater sinne, cause great of gree.
Maisius peccatum, this I reed,
 If he be high that doth the deed.
Mars for all his Deitie,
 Could not *Venus* dignifie,
 But *Ulcian* trapt her, and her blame
 Was punish't with an open shame.
 All the Gods laught them to scorne,

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For dubbing *Vulcan* with the horne,
Whereon may a woman boast,
If her chasticie be lost.
Shame awayteth vpon her face,
Blushing cheekes and foule disgrace,
Report will blab, this is she
That with her lust wins infamy.
If lusting lone she so disgrac't,
Die before you line vnchast:
For better die with honest fame,
Then lead a wanton life with shame.

As soone as Philomela had ended her Wittie, she layde downe her Lute, and fell to her Booke: But Tebaldo hauing heard all her secret Meditation, was di-
uened into such a maze, with the concept of her incom-
parable excellencie, that hee stode as much astonished to
heare her chaste speeches, as Acteon to see Dianas na-
ked beauties: entring with a piercing insight into her
vertues, and perceyuing she was some greater per-
sonage than hee at the first tooke her for: his loue was
so quayled with the rarenesse of her qualities, that hee
rather endeuoured to honour her as a Saint, than to
loue her as a Paramour: Desire now began to change
to reuerence, and affection to an honest deuotion, that
hee shamed hee once thought any way lust towards so
vertuous a creature.

Thus Metamorphosed, hee slept into her Cabbine,
and found her reading, to whom hee did shew more then
accustomed reuerence: which Philomela returned with
equall courtesie.

At last, hee tolde her, how hee had heard her inuen-
table discourse of her misfortune, and the honourable
resolution of her honestie, which did so tye him to her

noted

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noted towards her, that if when she came into Palermo, his page house might serve her for a lodging, it and all therein, with himselfe and his Wife, should be at her command.

Philomela thanked him heartily for his kind and courteous proffer, and promised to her abillitie, not to be ungratefull.

Well, leaving her under sayle towards Palermo: to Signior Giouanni Lutesio, who harbouring a hateful intent of reuenge in his minde against the Countie Philippo, thought to pay him home patte in his lappe, and therefore making as speedy a dispatch as might be, of his affayres, he takes his iourney from Venice towards the Dukes of Millaynes Court, the Father of Philomela, to whom hee had recounted what had happened to his Daughter, what had chanced to him, and how great dishonour was offered to him by her Husband.

The Duke, although these newes touched him at the quick, yet dissembled the matter, and beganne in great choler to rebuyde Lutesio, that no doubt the Carle did it upon iust cause, as else neyther would hee haue wronged a Wife whom so tenderly hee loved, neyther reiected a friend whom hee so dearely honoured, nor yet the Duke and Senate of Venice would haue yielded so peremptory and hard a sentence, as eyther banishment to him, or diuorces to her.

To this Giouanni Lutesio made reply, that the Carle, to proue his surmised Articles true, had suborned Slaves, that were Genowayes, to perture themselves.

Hee shewed the Duke the Letters that past betwixt him and his Daughter, and the reason why hee wrote them: But all this could not satisfie the Dukes opinion, but he charged his Gentlemen to lay hands

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bands on Signior Lutesio, and to carry him to prison, untill hee had further tryall of the matter, swearing, if hee found him to have played false with his Daughter, neither should his banishment excuse him, nor her diaoyce: for hee would have both their lives, for offering dishonour to the house of Spillaine.

Upon this censure of the Duke, Lutesio was carryed to prison, and the Duke left mightily perplexed; who beganne to cast in his minde many doubts of this strange charge, bowling in his heart a satall reuenge vpon Philippo, for blemishing his Daughters honour with such open infamy.

When thus the Duke was in a heauie suspicion, one of the Genowayes, whose Conscience tormented him, ranne away from Venice, and came to Spillaine: where comming to the Dukes Palace, hee desired to speake with his Grace from the Countie Philippo: being brought straight vnto him; as sone as hee came into his presence, hee kneled downe, trembling, and besought him for mercy.

The Duke astonished at the strange ferour of the Man, demanded of him what hee was, and from whence he came.

The Man told him that he was bozne at Genowa, and had beene seruant to that infortunate Earle the Countie Philippo Medici, and one of those perturbed traytors, that had bozne false witnessse against his Daughter Philomela.

At this the Duke started out of his seate, and taking the fellow courteously by the hand, hee had him not feare nor doubt; for if he spake nothing but the truth, he should not only be freely pardoned, but highly rewarded.

Upon this the poore Man discoursed from point to point: First, the singular chastitie of his Lady and Mistresse, and then the deere Zealousse of Philippo, who

first,

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first, as he had learned, caused his deare friend Signior Giovanni Lutesio, to try her, who finding her Wittie, Vertuous and Constant, fell out with the Carlo, that he would wrong his Wife with such causelesse suspicion.

After, hee rehearsed, how the Countie grew Jealous, that Philomela favoured Signior Giovanni Lutesio, and because hee had no proofe to confirme his mistrust, but his owne doubting head. hee suborned him, and a fellowe of his to sweare, that they saw Lutesio and the Countesse enen in the very Act of Adultery, which in them was Perjurie, and in him Leachery: soz both the Gentleman, and their Lady was innocent: And with that falling downe on his knees, and melting into teares, he craved pardon of his life.

The Duke, whose eyes were full of fire, as sparkling reuenge and hate, bade him be of good cheare, and pulling his Purse out of his Pocket, gaue it to him for an earnest penny of further friendship, and charged his Gentlemen to giue the Genoway good entertainment: And with that sent for Signior Lutesio out of Prison; and sorrowfull that hee had wronged him so much, tolde him how one of the Genowayes was come, that gave false witness against his daughter, and had revealed all: which loyed Lutesio at the verie heart; so that humbly and with watery cheekes, he desired the Duke to reuenge his Daughters wrongs; but a little hated his intreatie, as spurres to a swift Horse.

For, the Duke gathering a mightie Armie, made as much speede as might be towards Venice, intending to quitte the wrong proffered to Philomela by spitefull Philipppo, who then liued in all desired content, in that his Jealous humour was satisfied: was determining where, to make a new choyse for fauour:

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When there came this change of Fortune, that newes was brought into Venice, that not onely the Millaine Duke was come downe, to waile and spoyle the Cities belonging vnto the Signiory of Venice, but also meant to gather all the forces of his friends in Christendome, to reuenge the abuse offered to his Daughter Philomela.

This newes being come vnto the eares of Philippo, made him forget his wealing, and beginne to wonder, how hee should shift off the misfortune ready to light vpon him, if any thing were proued of his suborning treachery: Hee now beganne to enter into consideration with himselfe, that if Lucio were gotten to Millaine, hee would not onely lay the plotte of all mischiefe against him, but also discover his Treason, and incense the Duke to reuenge: and vpon this, he thought grew the occasion of his gon in Armes: Then did hee feare, lest the Genoway that was runne away from him, should come to the Dukes Court, and there confirme by authentickall proofe, what Lucio vpon his honour did affirme.

Thus diuersely perplexed, hee remayned in great dumps, while the Duke and Consigliadoys of Venice, gathering into their Senate-house, beganne to consult, what reason the Millanians had to invade their Territories, and therefore to bee fully satisfied in the cause, they sent Ambassadors, to inquire the reason why hee rose in Armes against them? Whether it were for the Sentence offered against Philomela, or no? And if it were, that hee should herein rest satisfied, that as she was exiled by Law, so shee was iustly condemned for Treachery.

The Ambassadors hauing their charge came to the Duke, lying then not farre off from Bergamo, and did their message vnto him, which hee answered thus:

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thus : That hee was not come as an enemy against them, but as a pinnace for to Philippo, and therefore requires to approve his Daughters innocency, not by Armes, but by Witnesses in the Senate-house of Venice. And if hee were found guiltlesse, to have condigne punishment enoyed and executed against Philippo.

This, if they did deny, he was come with his owne blade, and his Souldiers, to plague the Venetians for the partiall iudgements of their Magistrates : and if they meant to haue him come into Venice, hee craved for his assurance sufficient hostages.

The Ambassadors returned with this answer to the Duke and the Consigliado, who held his request passing reasonable, and thought it would bee dishonour to them and their estate, if they should stand in denyall of so equall a demand : And therefore the Duke not onely sent him his onely Sonne, but five young Sonnes more, all the Sonnes of men of Honour for hostage.

Upon whose arrivall, the Duke of Millayne, onely accompanied with Lutesio, the Genowaye, and fenns other Noblemen, went to the Citie, and was magnificently intertayned by the Duke and the Citizens : Where feasting that day, the next morning they resolved to make in the Senate-house, to heare what could bee alleadged against Philippo, whom they cited peremptorily to appeare, to answer to such objections as should be layd against him.

The guilty Earle now beganne to feele remorse of Conscience, and to doubt of the issue of his Treachery : And therefore getting into his Closet, he called the Genowaye to him, and there beganne to perswade him, that although both Signio, Lutesio and his selfe, did bewray the Iniquitation of Periarie, yet hee should

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Should denie it vnto the Death; and say this reuolt
has made him take halfe of his Treasure and his fre-
dome.

The Consoloy made sollemne protestation, that he
would performe no lesse than hee commanded him: and
thereupon as an assumpst, took the weight of the Warre,
for performance of all Couenants.

Thus armed, as hee thought, in that he rested safe-
ly in the secret of his blame. The next day hee ap-
peared in the Senate house, whither the Dukes of Mil-
laine and Venice came, with all the Consigliadoys and
chiefe Citizens of the Towne, to heare how the matter
should be debated.

At last, the Duke of Millayne arose amongst
them all, and beganne thus to discourse. I come
not, Venetians, to enlarge my Territoyses with the
sword, though I haue burthened your Borders with
the waight of armed men: I rise not in armes, to take
partiall honours, but ciuill Iustice: not to claime other
mens right, but mine owne due, which is reuenge vpon
false Philippo, for his Treachery against my innocent
Daughter Philomela: Innocent, I tearme her, though
iniurie hath wronged her; And yet I accuse not your
Duke or Consigliadoys of iniustice, because their cen-
sures pass according to the false euidence proponned by
perjured Philippo: But I claime Iustice without par-
tialitie against him, which if it bee granted, I shall high-
ly praise your Senate, and bee euer profess your friend:
If it bee denied, I am come in Armes to defend my
Daughters innocencie, and with my blood to paint re-
uenge vpon the gates of Venice.

If I speake sharpe, blame mee not, My mine ho-
nour is toucht with such a blow; the discredit of the
Daughter, is a spot in the Parents brow, and therefore
it looks to reuenge her, more than mee; I doe but touch
honour

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honour commands, and nature binds me to.

For prove, that I come not to sanctifie time in my Daughter, or shadow her scapes with my countenance, I haue brought hers not onely Luchio, but one of their slaves, which was by Philippo induced to giue false euidence; to affirme as much as Iauerre: therefore I onely craue they may be examined with equity, and I be satisfied onely in iustice.

Thus with his face full of wrath, hee sate downe silent: when the Consiliadoz beganne at this brieve and sharpe speech of the Milanais, beganne to examine the Genoway, who confess all the treachery: they hearing this, demaunded of Philippo, how he could answere the confession of his slave: he smiling, made this scoznesfull reply.

I hope, worthy Duke, and honourable Senate of Venice, you will not bee dasht out of countenance with the sight of weapons, nor bee vniuen from iustice by the noyse of armour, that though I be an Earle, and am not able to equall the Duke of Milan in multitudes, yet I shall haue as high fauours as he with equity: in hope whereof, I answere, that I thinke there is none so simple here, but sees how Luchio constrained through enuy, and the Duke compelled by nature, haue suborned this poore slave, eyther by golde or promises to recant, what before by solenne oath he here protested.

He to recouer his former credite, and liberty in his Country: this, to salue the blemish of his daughters honour: but as such slaves minds are to bee wrought like ware with every saye word: so I assure my selfe, little beliefs shall be giuen to such a wile and scordall person, that cometh to depose against his own conscience: this was partner with him in his euidence, (spoynting to the other Genoway;) and this can as-
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firme

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affirme what I testifie, and therefore I appeale to your equities: for by the verdict of this flauie, will I be tride.

At this, the Duke of Venice called the Genoway forth, and bade him speake his minde.

Then Lutesio rising vpp, charged him, that as hee was a Christian, and hoped to bee saued by his merites, he should impartially pronounce what hee knew.

At this, the Genoway feeling a horror, a second hell in his conscience, trembling as a man amazed, and toucht with the King of Gods iudgements in his heart, stood awhile mute, but at last, gathering his spirites together, and getting the liberty of his speech, falling downe vpon his knees, with his eyes full of teares, hee confess, and discours the whole circumstance of the Carles villany, intended against Philomela; whereas, there was a great shout in the Senate house, and clapping of hands amongst the common people, they all for ioy, crying, Philomela, innocent Philomela.

At this, the Senators sate silent, and the Duke of Villayne vert: and the Countie Philippo now feeling a dreadfull remorse in his conscience, uttered these words with great resolution.

Now doe I proue that true by experience, which earst I held onely for a bare Proverbe, that truth is the daughter of time: and there is nothing so secret, but the date of many dayes will reueale it: that as ayle, though it be moyst, quencheth not fire: so time, though neuer so long, is no sure couert for sinne: but as a sparke rakte vp in Cybers, will at last beginne to glowe, and manifest a flame: so treachery, hid in silence, will burst forth, and cry for reuenge.

Whatsoeuer villany the heart hath wrought, in pro-
cess

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ceffe of time, the worne of conscience will betray. **O** Senators, this may be applyed to my self, whose iealous head compassed this treason to Philomela, and this treachery to Lutesio, the one, a most honest wife, the other, a most faithfull friend.

It booteth little by circumstance to discover the sorrow I conceiue, or little neede I shew my wines innocency, when these base slaues, whom I suborned to periure themselves, haue proclaimed her chastity, and my dishonour: suffice it then, that I repent, though too late, and would make amends, but I haue sinned beyond satisfaction, for there is no sufficient recompence for vniust slander.

Therefore in penalty of my periury towards Philomela, I craue my selfe iustice against my selfe, that you would enioyne a penance, but no lesse then the extremity of death.

At these wordes of Philippo, the people murmured, and the Senate sate awhile consulting with themselves, what were best to doe; at last, they referred it to the Duke of Millayne, to giue sentence and censure against Philippo, seeing the wrong was his daughters, and the dishonour his: who being a man of a milde nature, and full of royall honour in his thoughts; rising vp, with a countenance discovering a kind of satisfaction, by the submisle repentance of Philippo, pronounced that the Earle should abide that penalty was enioyned to his daughter, which was, that he should be banished; that both the Genowayes should haue their liberty, and a thousand Durats apiece: and that Lutesio should haue his iudgement reuerst, and bee restored to his former freedom.

At this censure of the Duke, they all gaue a generall applause, and Philippo, there with teares in his eyes, tooke leaue, protesting, to spend his exile

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contentedly in seeking out of Philomela, and when hee had found her, then in her presence to sacrifice his bloud as a satisfaction for his Lechery.

Lutesio like wise swore to make a quest for her, and so did the Genowaies, and the Duke her father was as forward; and the Senate broke up, and the Duke of Millain forthwith departed home to his owne country. Where wee leaue him going homeward, and Philipppo, Lutesio, and the Genowayes seeking for Philomela.

Once againe to the innocent Lady, who being arrived in Palermo, was not onely courteously intertayned of the Master of the Shippe, but also of his wife: who noting her modesty, vertue, silence, and other good properties, and rare qualities, was so farre in loue with her, that shee would not by any means let her depart out of her house, but with a sympathie of sweet affections, did loue like two sisters, insomuch, that Philomela was brought to bedde, and had a young Sonne, called Infortunatus, because hee was bozne in the extremitie of his Mothers misery: The Master of the Shippe, and his wife being pledges of his Chastendome.

Living thus obscure, and yet famous in Palermo for her vertues, she found that of all musicke, the meane was the merriest, that quiet rested in low thoughts, and the safest content in the poorest Cottages: that the highest trees abide the sharpest stormes, and the greatest Personages the sorest frownes of Fortune: therefore with patience she broght her homely course of life, and had more quiet sleepes now in the Shippe-masters house in Palermo, then shee had in her Palace in Venice; onely her discontent was, when she thought on Philipppo, that he had proued so unkind: and on Lutesio, that for her sake, hee was so deeply injured: yet as well as shee might, shee salued these sores, and

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and tendered her hard fortunes with the shadow of her innocency.

While thus she lived honourably in Palermo, noted for her excellent behaviour and good quality: It fortuned that the Duke of Millayne and Lucasio, both disguised like two Palmers, had passed through many places to seeke Philomela, and to reduce her from banishment, and at last arrived in Palermo, intending to sojourne there for a while, and then to passe by to Sarnagossa, and so through all Sicilia, to have intelligence of the distressed Countesse.

While thus they stayed, inquiring diligently of her, and not hearing any newes, with there was seldome seene abroad, and beside that her name changed, and called Abstemia:

It chanced that either by fortune or destiny, there arrived at the same time in Palermo, the Count Philip-po Medici, who having travelled through divers Countries to finde out his innocent Countesse, wearied at last, not so much with travel, as with the gnawing worme of a guilty conscience that still tormented him: hee beganne more and more to enter into despaire, and to thinke his life lothsome unto him, wishing daily for death, so it might not come through the guilt of his owne hand; and yet resolving, rather to be the murderer of himselfe, than thus to linger out his dayes in despaire.

In this perplexed passion, hee gave himselfe into a thicke groue, there the better to communicate in his melancholly, bowing, if he heard not of Philomela in that City, to make that groue the monument of his grave.

Thus desirous of death, or of the recovery of his wife, It fortuned that Arnoldo Strozze, Donne and Heyze to the Duke of Palermo, being in love with a young Gentlewoman, whose lodging was distant some three

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leagues from the Citty, picked forward by the extremitie of affection, thought to goe visite her, although hee was not onely forbidden by his Father, but watched lest privately he might scale vnto her: Yet as loue can finde starting holes; hee deuised this policie: Hee carryed a Slave that remayned in his Fathers house abroad to the Cytie with him, where Philippolay lurking, and there exchanging apparell with him, hee got him to his desired Mistresse, and bade the Slave returne covertly into the Citty, and make him the next day at the same place. Parting thus, as hee was going homeward, hee was mette by a young Sicilian Gentleman, named Petro Salino, who bearing a mostall grudge to the Dukes Sonne, in that hee affected the Gentlewoman, whom hee so tenderly loved: Seeing him alone, and thinking him to bee Arnolde Strozze by his apparell, and deeming hee came now from his beloved Mistresse set vpon him, and slew him: And with his Rapier so mangled his face, that by no meanes hee could be discerned, and thereupon fled.

Arnoldos Page missing his Master, seeking abroad for him in the fields, for that hee desired oftentimes to be solitary, light vpon the dead bodie of the Slave, and Judging it to bee his Master, because hee was in his apparell, cryed out, and ranne home, and carryed newes thereof to the Duke his Father: Who, as a man distressed of his wits, commanded straight search to be made, so finde out the Actoz of the Tragedy, causing the dead corpes to bee conuayed with much grieve and many teares.

All the Courtiers, Gentlemen and others, sought abroad to stroke out the author of this murther: and not far off where the Slave was slaine, found Philippo walking by and downe vnto him, his Hatte lying by him, and his Rapier in his hand.

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The Courtiers seeing a man thus suspicious, made Inquiries what hee was : Whby quoth the Count, I am the man you looke for. Art thou then sayd the Countess of Arnolbo, that bloudy traytor, that hath slaine the Dukes Sonne ?

The Countie glad hee had so strake an occasion to bee ridde of his life, resolute and boldly sayd ; I marry-am I, and I will kill his Father too, if ever I reach him.

With that they layd hold upon him, and carryed him to prison ; and as hee went by the way, they examined him what hee was, but by no meanes hee would reveale unto them : onely hee sayd, hee was an Italian, purpose-ly come from Venice to see it.

Helmes straight was carryed to the Duke, that the murder was taken, who was highly glad thereof, and resolved the next day, with the States of the Countrey, to sit in Judgement.

As fame and report cannot bee silent, so it was straight noised abroad through Palermo, that the Dukes Sonne was slaine by a Venetian, and how hee was taken, and should the next day be arraigned and executed.

Philomela hearing that hee was a Venetian that had done the deed, desirous to see him, took the Master of the Shippes Wife with her, and went to the prison, and there by favour of the Taylor, saw him through a Window : As soone as Philomela had a view of him, shee saw it was Philippo Medici her Husbands disguised, and hanging in his face the very signes of despair.

This sight of her Husband dzone her into a maze, yet so conceale the matter to her selfe, shee sayd shee knew not the Man.

As thus shee was standing talking with the Taylor, there came a Venetian that was resident in Palermo, and

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and desired, that he might see the Gentleman that had done the murder : but the Bayler would not suffer him, but inquired what Countryman he was : he answered, a Venetian, and that is the reason, quoth he, that I am desirous to haue a sight of him.

Philomela hearing that he was a Venetian, asked him what newes from Venice.

The Bayler, so; so hee was, discouered vnto her, what late had chanced : and amongst the rest, hee discouered the foynones of Philomela, and how she was wrongfully accused by her Husband the Earle, how her Father came to Venice, and hearing her Accusers, : two Wlames examined, they confess, the Earle suborned them to the perurie, whereupon Philipppo was banished : and now, as a Man in despaire, sought about to finde out his Wife.

Philomela hearing these newes, thanking him, toke her leave of the Bayler, and went home, where getting alone into her Chamber, shee beganne thus to meditate with her selfe.

Now Philomela, thou mayest see, Heauens are iust, and GOD impartiall, that though hee deferres, hee doth not acquit : That though hee suffer the Innocent to be wronged, yet at last hee persecuteth the malicious with reuenge : That Time hatcheth Trueth, and that true Honour may be blemisht with Enuie, but neuer utterly defaced with extremitie : Now is thy life layde open in Venice, and thy Fame reuenged in spight of Foynone : Now mayest thou Triumph in the fall of thy Zealous Husband, and write thy chastitie in the characters of his blood ; so shall hee be disgraced, and thou returne to Venice as a wonder. Now shall thy Eyes see his end, that hath sought to rymate thee, and thou line content and satisfied in the iust reuenge of a perjured Husband.

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Oh Philomela, that woꝝd Husband is a high tearme,
easily pronounced in the mouth, but neuer to be bent.
Ged from the heart: Knowest thou not, that the
lone of a Wife must not end but by death? That the
tearime of marriage is rated in the Crowne: That
Wives should so long lone and obey, as they live and
bꝛaue bꝛeath? That they should preferre their Husbonds
honour befoꝛe their owne life, and chuse rather to die
than to see him wronged? Why else did Alcest die foꝛ
Admetus? Why did Portia eate Coales foꝛ the lone of
Brutus, if it were not, that Wives ought to end their
lives with their lones?

Cruelt. Philomela, but Philippo is a Traytour, he
hath imblemish't thy fame, sought to ruine thine honour,
aynd at thy life, condemned thee both to diuorce and ba-
nishment, and lastly, hath stainde the high honours of thy
Fathers house.

And what of all this, Philomela? Hath not every man
his fault? Is there any offence so great, that may not bee
forgiuen? Philippo did not woꝝke thee this wrong be-
cause he loved some other, but because he overloved thee;
was iealousse, not lasciuiousnesse that soꝝd him to that
folly: and Suspition is incident onely to such as are kind
hearted louers.

Hath not G. D. D. revenged thy injury, and thy Fa-
ther punish't him with the like penaltie that thy selfe
doest suffer? And wilt thou now gloꝛy in his misery?
No (Philomela) shew thy selfe vertuous, as ere thou
hast bene honourable, and heape coales on his head, by
shewing him favour in extremitie: If he had staine
the Dukes Honns, it is thꝛough respayre: And if hee
had not come thither to seeke thee, hee had not fallen into
this misfortune.

The Palme-Tree, the moꝛe it is press'd downe, the
moꝛe it groweth by: The Cornemill, the moꝛe it is tro-

B

den,

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day, the spirits smell it yeldeth : Even so ought a good Wife to bee kinde to her Husband, midst his greatest discorde, and rather to venture her life, than suffer him incurre any prejudice, and so will I doe by Philippo : For rather than hee shall die in the sight of Philomela, I will soule him with mine owne death, so shall my end be honourable, as my life hath bene wondrous.

With this shee ceased, and went to her rest, till the next day morning, that the Duke, and the States gathered together to sitte in Judgement : Whither came Lucio, and the Duke of Milan disguised, to see what hee was, that being a Venetian committed the murder, and there also was Philomela, and the Maylers Wife.

At last the Countie Philippo was brought forth, whom, when the Duke of Milan saw, seeing Lucio with his hand, hee whispered, and sayd, Oe Lucio, where man saunders, yet God doth in extremity revenge : How shall we see the fall of our enemy, yet not touched with his blood : Whispering thus amongst themselves.

At last the Duke of Palermo beganne to examine him, if hee were hee that slew his Sonne, hee answered, that hee was the man, and would with his blood answere it : What moved you sayes the Duke, to doe the murder : So old grudge, quoth hee, that hath bene betwene him and me, ever since hee was in Venice, and for that cause, revenge was to beleeve from me, that I am come from thence purposely to see this friendship, and am not sorry that I have contented my thoughts with his blood.

At this his manifest confession, the Duke full of wrath, roote and saye, At this hee sayes further to imprison any more, and therefore upon his mooves he would pronounce sentence

sentences against him. When Philomela calling to the Duke, and desiring she might be heard, beganne thus to plead.

O mightie Duke, stay the censure, lest thy verdict wrong the Innocent, and thou condemne an Earle through his owne besparring evidence: I see, and with trembling I see, that a guiltie conscience is a thousand witnesses. What as it is impossible to cover the light of the Sonne with a curtain; so the remaine of murder cannot bee concealed in the closet of the most secret conspirator.

For, standing by, and hearing thee ready to pronounce sentence against the Innocent, I, even I, that committed the deeds, though to the exigent of mine owne death: could not but burst forth into these exclamations to save the guiltlesse: know therefore, that hee which standeth here before the Judgement Seate, is an Earle, though banished: his name is Countie Philippos Medici, my Husband, and once famous in Italy, though here hee be blemisht by Fortune: At this, all the company lookt upon her.

Philippo, as a man amazed, stood staring on her face, the teares trickling downe his cheekes, to see the kinde-messe of his Wife, whom so deeply hee had injured: and the Duke of Milan her Father, with Lucio, were in as great a wonder.

But, when prosecuted her purpose thus: It were too long, worthy Sicilians, to rehearse the wrongs this Philippos hath done against mee distressed Countesse, through his extreme Jealousie: onely let this briefly suffice, he suborned his Slaves to sweare, I was found in the act of Adulterie: they were bribed, I was seized and banished: and hereafter since I have lived in contented patience. But since my exile, Time that is the revealer of Truth, hath made the Slaves betray

the office of the matter; so that this present Earle is
found guilty, my honour saide, hee banished, and now
extremely distressed.

Consider then, Sicilians, if this Count my hus-
band hath offered mee such wrong, what reason had I
to pleade for his life? Were it not the guilt of mine owne
conscience forsooth mee to save the Innocent: who, in a
despayring humour, weary of his life confesseth him-
selfe Authoꝝ of that murder, which these hands did ex-
ecute.

I am the Woman, the infortunate Countesse
(Sicilians) who, seduced by a Sicilian Gentleman,
whom, by no fortunes I will name, first practised by
Witchcraft Arnolds Death: But seeing that would
not prevaile, I sought to murther him alone, which I did
yesterday by the Gorge, and there offering him an
humble supplication, and hee kneeling to take it courte-
ously, I stabd him, and after mangled him in that sort
you found him.

This is truth, this is my conscience, and this I am
by G D enforced to confesse. Then worthy Duke,
save the innocent Earle, and pronounce sentence against
me the offender.

I speake not this, in that I love the Count, but
that I am forced into it, by the remorse of mine owne
conscience.

Heere shee ended, and all they stood amazed, and
Philippo beganne againe to reply against her, that shee
did it to save him: but in vaine were his wordes, for she
used such probable reasons against her selfe, that the
Duke was ready to pronounce sentence against her, and
the Duke her father at the point to betray himselfe,
had it not bene that Arnolds Scrozzo the Dukes sonne,
returning home, and meeting certaine plague Countrey-
men, heard this newes, how the Duke was sitting in
Indge-

Indgement against one that had murdered his Sonne, which newes as it drow him into a wonder, so it made him haile speedily to the place, to know the issue of the matter: And hee came thither last at the beginning of Philomela's Gallion.

Seeing therefore two pleading thus for Death, hee himselfe being alive, and his Father ready to condemne the Innocent: He commanded the company to give way, came and shewed himselfe, and sayd, May it please your Grace, I am heere, whom these confesse they haue slaine.

At this, the Duke start up, and all the standers by were in a maze. At last, to draw them out of their dummies, hee tolde them that hee thought, that the man that was murdered, and taken for him, was a Slave, with whom, the day before he had changed apparell.

The Duke, for loy to see his Son, was a great while mute: At last hee beganne to examine the matter, why these two did pleade themselves guiltie? Philippo answered, for despayre, as weary of his life. Philomela sayd, for the safetie of her Husband, choosing rather to die, than hee any wayes should suffer prejudice.

The Sicilians at this, looking Philomela in the face, shewed at her wondrous vertues, and Philippo in a swoone betwixt griefe and loy, was carried away halfe dead to his lodging, where hee had not lyeen two houres, but in an extasse he ended his life. The Duke of Millaine discovered himselfe, who, by the Duke of Palermo was highly intertained.

But Philomela hearing of the death of her Husband, fell into extreme passions, and although Arnoldo Strozze desired her in marriage: Yet shee returned home to Venice, and there liued the desolate Widow of Philippo Medici all her life: Which constant chastitie made her so famous, that in her life she was honoured as the Paragon:

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Queen of Vertue, and after her death solemnely, and with
wonderfull honour intombes in Saint Marks
Church, and her name holden canonized
until this day in Venice.

FINIS.

